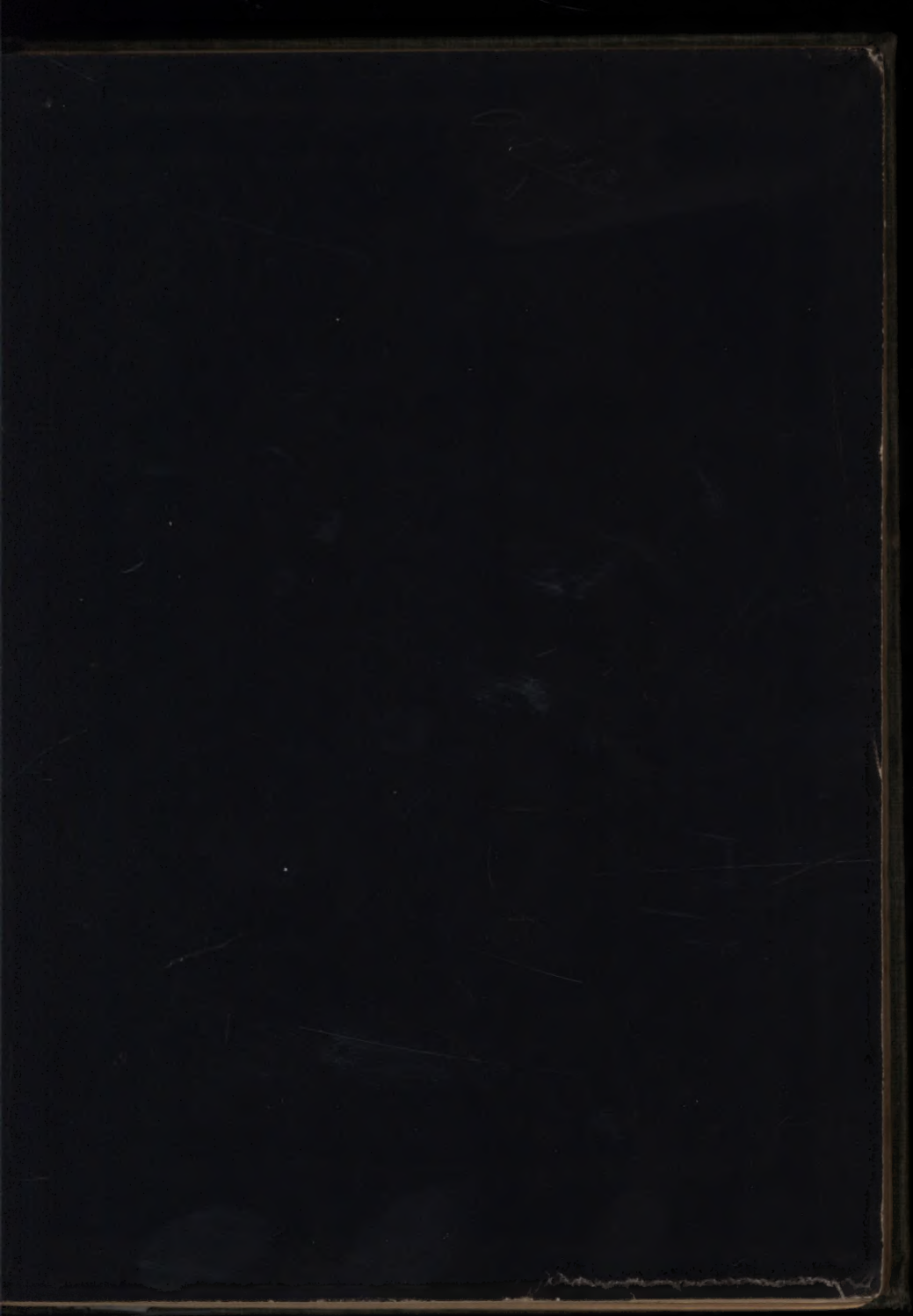


A
JOURN
OF
PUNCH

By







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W. Brooks Jr. ^{Card}
Christmas 95
from Papa

W. Brooks Jr.



Douglas Jerrold

Tomney & Co. London.

A JORUM OF "PUNCH"

*WITH THOSE WHO HELPED
TO BREW IT*

BEING

THE EARLY HISTORY OF
"THE LONDON CHARIVARI"

BY

ATHOL MAYHEW

SON OF HENRY MAYHEW, PROJECTOR, PART PROPRIETOR, AND FIRST EDITOR OF
"PUNCH"

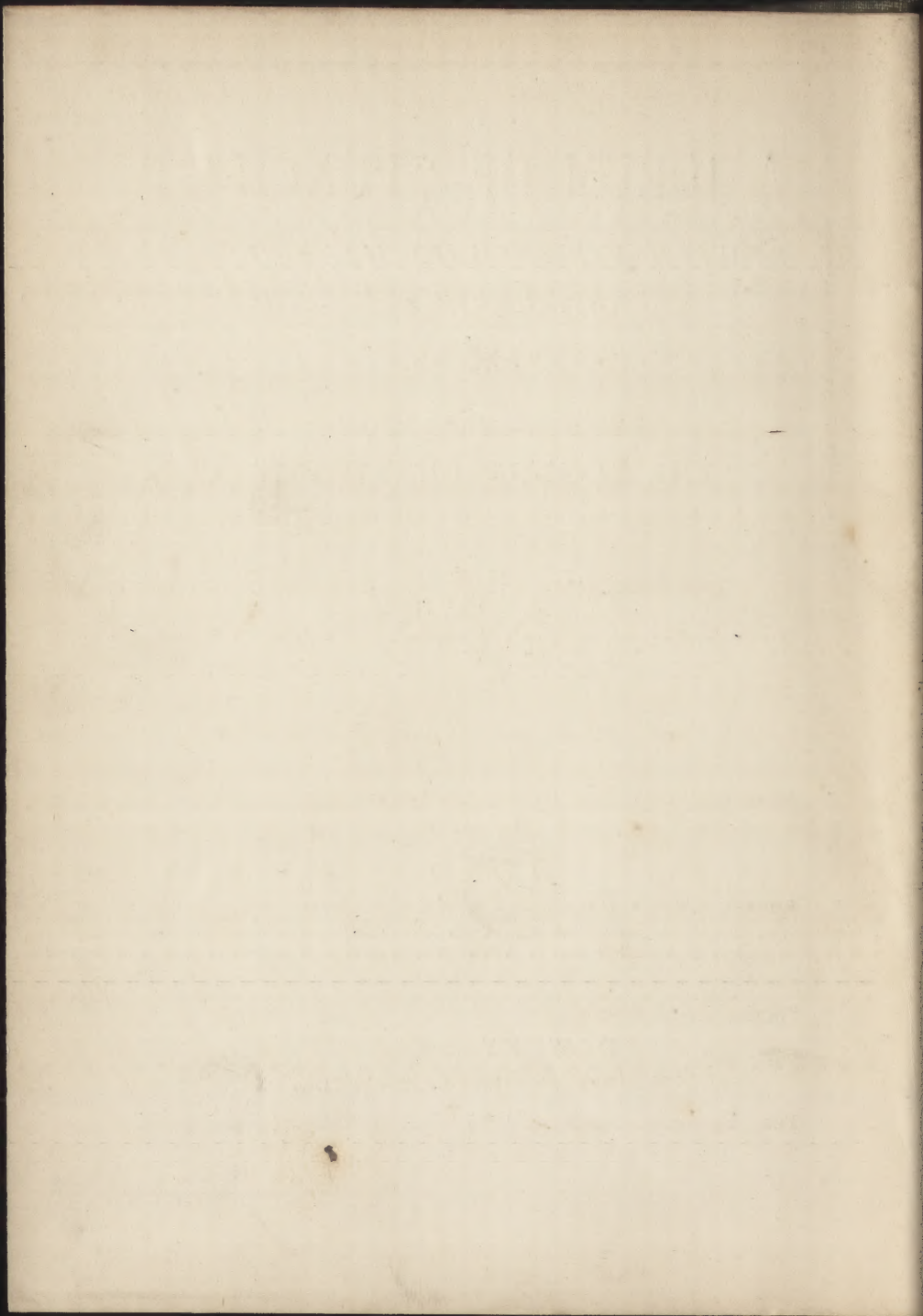
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



DOWNEY & CO.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE circumstances that led to Mr. Punch's birth, and the surroundings under which he first saw the light, have been obscured by such a farrago of fiction embroidered on to such a filament of fact that the little jester's begetting has come to be regarded as a literary enigma as difficult to solve as the personage responsible for the Letters of Junius.

No doubt, to the many haphazard brochures, articles and paragraphs that, from time to time, have found their way into print, may be traced the controversies that are even to-day in vogue whenever the "true" history of the foundation of *Punch* crops up. Small matter for wonder, therefore, that confusion worse confounded has arisen through the seeming authority with which such statements have been mostly penned. Says one writer: "The origin of *Punch* has often been told, seldom correctly. Indirectly

it sprang out of *The Illustrated London News*." Unfortunately for the accuracy of this sledgehammer assertion, *The Illustrated London News* did not come into existence until the year following the starting of *Punch*. Says another: "They called it *Punch* because Lemon was in it"—a theory which would sound plausible enough were it not for the fact that *Punch* was christened after the puppet rather than the potation, and that Lemon was not "in it" until the title of the paper had been finally determined.

And yet I hear the reader exclaim, "He calls his book 'A Jorum of *Punch*.'" Well, why not? For, by-and-by, I propose to show that the jocund little hunchback was conceived in conviviality and fostered in the flowing bowl, though he was never intended to be "a mixture of sweet and sour, strong and weak, kindly and harsh, grave and gay," as yet another journalist would have us suppose. On the contrary, *Punch*, as projected, was to have been the personification of rousing merriment and honest, cleanly fun; his *raison d'être* the annihilation of a then existent class of periodical literature which, under the guise of "comic" journalism,

wedded the badinage of the gutter to the bludgeon of the blackmailer.

But to return to the vexed question of *Punch's* progenitor. In the following pages I propose to prove that my father, Henry Mayhew, was indisputably the projector, first editor, and part-proprietor of that periodical until financial exigencies rendered it imperative that the newly-started venture should change hands. Possibly I should not have troubled to have accentuated a fact that was never disputed in his lifetime, had it not been for the flat denial given to my father's claims in the pages of the very paper which owed its being to his brains and its present reputation to the legacy bequeathed by the wits that Henry Mayhew gathered around him.

My father died on the 25th July, 1887, and a week after his death the following editorial note appeared in *Punch* under some In Memoriam verses :—

HENRY MAYHEW.

BORN 1812.

DIED 1887.

“‘The Mayhew Brothers.’ A familiar phrase
On all men's lips in *Punch's* earlier days,
Suggesting pleasant wit and genial mirth.
Green grow the grass and lightly lie the earth

Above the latest of the brilliant band !
Punch's first pages knew that skilful hand.
Henry the shrewd and gentle Horace both
Watched o'er its birth, and helped its budding growth,
Not long indeed, but lovingly. Farewell !
The record of the age's course will tell
Of him whose name a double honour bore,
Comrade of *Punch* and champion of the poor."

"Mr. Henry Mayhew was never at any time Editor of *Punch*. He assisted the first Editor, Mr. Mark Lemon, in his work at the commencement, and made many valuable suggestions. His connection with *Punch* was not of long duration."—Ed.

"Ed.," of course, stands for the present editor, Mr. Burnand, who might be recommended to study the history of the paper he conducts before making assertions which would be ridiculous in their inaccuracy were they not astounding through their ignorance. Let us presume that the verses are not Mr. Burnand's, still, as "Ed." it would be his duty to return them for correction if they contained blunders. Of these there are several. Imprimis, "The Brothers Mayhew" were not Henry and Horace, but Henry and Augustus; secondly, "Henry the shrewd and gentle Horace both" did not "watch o'er its birth and help its budding growth." That business was my father's, for Horace joined the staff only on his return from Germany, when the paper was well established ;

yet, unlike Henry, Horace remained on *Punch* until his death in 1872. So that "not long, indeed, but lovingly," although it applies to both, cannot be accepted as referring to Horace. "Comrade of *Punch*," again, would fit the relationship of, say, Henry Baylis to the paper, but is either wilfully or ignorantly employed to define the position of a man who was incontestably *Punch's* parent. With four errors in twelve lines, it is not surprising to find the editorial note as wrong as the verses.

Indeed Mr. Burnand seems on reflection to have thought some modification of his assertion advisable, for in answer to a letter of mine in the *Pall Mall Gazette* he says, "He" (meaning myself) "forgets Mr. Percival Leigh, who is with us now" (this in 1887), "and who was present on a certain memorable occasion which led to Mr. Henry Mayhew (at the instance of the editor, Mr. Mark Lemon, and with the full concurrence of Mr. Douglas Jerrold, Mr. H. Mayhew's father-in-law) retiring from the *Punch* staff." Here then we have Mayhew something more than a "comrade," as he is described as retiring from the *staff*, whilst the presence of Douglas Jerrold in the character of my father's

father-in-law conclusively points to the fact that Mr. Burnand's phrase, "his connection with *Punch* was not of long duration," must have extended to some years at least.

Again—after, perchance, a course of study at the British Museum—Mr. Burnand becomes further enlightened as to the origin and early history of his present bread-and-butter, for in "Mr. Punch's Jubilee Number," dated July 18th, 1891, I read: "Lemon and Last and Mayhew, were they here to-day, would perhaps agree to divide between them the early honours, as they shared the responsibility." Here the "comrade" has been promoted with a vengeance, but none the less his portrait appears not among the gallery of past editors who look down on Mr. Punch's Jubilee symposium.

And yet again: In reply to a newspaper notice of some articles of mine which were published last year, on "The Early History of *Punch*," and which form the basis of the present volume, there appeared the following in the columns of the *City Press*:—

THE EDITORSHIP OF *PUNCH*.

SIR,—Your note on this subject reaches me as I am engaged in completing my "History of *Punch*." Pray

permit me to say that, in spite of several serious blunders in his statement, Mr. Athol Mayhew is entirely justified in claiming for his father the position of editor of *Punch*. Henry Mayhew, though never *sole* editor as his son asserts, was from the first one of the three co-editors then conducting the journal. This fact is incontrovertibly proved—not by mere verbal assurances and friendly letters, such as those on which, for the most part, Mr. Athol Mayhew not unnaturally bases his father's claims—but by legal documents and contemporary accounts now in my hands. Mr. Burnand was obviously led into denying Mayhew's true position through following what ought to have been the excellent authority of Shirley Brooks, Mark Lemon's successor in the editorial chair. Brooks, however, joined the paper years after its foundation, and obviously misconceived the hearsay evidence on which he founded his contradiction. In my forthcoming book details are given in final proof of these assertions. Meanwhile, I may assure your readers that, in spite of any statements that may be produced for their acceptance, and in spite of the usual clash of interests of reputation and filial respect, what I here state clearly from unprejudiced knowledge may be taken to settle what you call "this old vexed question" once and for all.

I am, etc.,

Paris.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

To the above I must be permitted to say that although I do not profess infallibility in the accompanying pages, still the "several serious blunders," wherever they may be, are not of my own making. Nor do I think that my father or the men who were with him in the foundation of *Punch*—from out of whose mouths I speak in this book—would be likely to err "seriously" in statements of matters and incidents coming

under their direct observation. As Mr. Spielmann could not have been in touch with any of these celebrities, and as he was certainly never on the staff of *Punch* in its palmy days—or, in fact, at any time, that I am aware of—my version, on the face of it, should prove worthy of credence. But apart from this, the letter is given here as another curious example of the climbing down process that has been going on ever since Mr. Burnand authoritatively stated that my father was “never at any time editor of *Punch*.” Will Mr. Burnand make the *amende honourable* should he think fit to criticize this book?

But apart from Mr. Punch’s editorship, there is a matter on which I shall by-and-by lay greater stress, and that is: Who projected the paper? And here again I hold a brief for my father; though in this respect it is only right to state that Mr. Joseph Last (the first printer of *Punch* and an original part-proprietor) contested the point fairly and squarely during Henry Mayhew’s life-time. Last’s contention was that in June, 1841, he went to my father in Clements Inn and “opened to him a proposal for a comic and satirical journal,” and that Mark Lemon, on

whom they subsequently called, "entered readily into their views, and suggested the names of several contributors and artists, with whom Messrs. Mayhew and Lemon promised to communicate. An engraver was wanted, and Mr. Last proposed to apply to his old friend, Mr. Ebenezer Landells, who had already been engaged with him in several enterprises." On my father's behalf, however, I think I shall succeed in showing that it was he who took "a proposal for a comic and satirical journal" to Messrs. Last and Landells, and, moreover, with what is technically known as a "dummy number" complete; that something very like this "new" venture had been offered with a "make-up" by Henry Mayhew, to Mr. Johnson, the printer of the *Nassau Press*, some time before; and that both projects were the outcome of a perusal of the French *Charivari* in Paris in the year 1835: and in support of this, the sub-title of the "London Charivari" to *Punch* as it stands to-day, should prove how the Parisian idea was used in the shaping of the journal. Moreover, the cartoon, or whole page illustration, first called "Punch's Pencillings," constituted the salient feature on which my father insisted in his

scheme; but one to which Landells strongly objected on technical grounds hereafter to be touched upon. Mr. Last's statement that Mark Lemon "suggested the names of several contributors," is also open to challenge, as *all* the contributors to No. 1 were old friends of my father's who had already been requisitioned, and over whom Lemon, at that period, could have had no influence.

In order, however, to clinch this matter once and for all, it is only necessary to glance at Mayhew's literary status at the time of *Punch's* appearance, and contrast it with Mark Lemon's, which was *nil*. Of seven sons born to Joshua Mayhew five were destined to leave their mark upon the world of letters. Thomas, the eldest, was a poet, a Chartist, and one of the pioneers of a people's cheap press. As editor of *The Poor Man's Guardian*, at about the Reform period of 1830, he was very nearly getting himself into serious trouble by the violence of his attacks upon the Government. Edward, the second son, was both a playwright, a theatrical manager, and an art critic for the *Morning Post*. In later life, when he turned veterinary surgeon, he wrote the standard works of his

day on the diseases of the horse and the dog. Henry, the fourth son, Horace, the fifth, and Augustus, the seventh, all achieved celebrity by their pen. The humorous books of "the brothers Mayhew" (Henry and Augustus), of which "The Greatest Plague of Life" and "Whom to Marry" are perhaps the best examples, had a great vogue in their day, all of them being illustrated with etchings by George Cruikshank. Sala, in referring to this literary band of brothers, once dubbed them a race of physical and mental Anaks. But of them all none did more enduring work than my father, who in "London Labour and London Poor," and in his "Prisons of London," lives to-day. But even as a stripling he was well accustomed to literary harness. Before the forties, in association with Gilbert A'Beckett, he had started and co-edited *The Thief*, *The Literary Beacon*, and *Figaro in London*; he had been on the staff of *The Cosmorama*, and had written the farce of "The Wandering Minstrel." Mark Lemon, on the other hand, for months after *Punch* started was but a callow literary bird in his first flight, for what do we find he has done up to the year 1841?

Absolutely nothing but manage his mother's public-house! Can any rational person suppose, therefore, that Henry Mayhew, a practised and acknowledged pressman, would hand over the conduct of a paper in which I shall show he held a share to a tyro who was then in his literary novitiate? The idea is too absurd to dwell on.

To conclude, those who expect to find in the following pages a complete history of *Punch* from its foundation to the present day had best leave this book unread, so they be not disappointed. A more extensive enlightenment of its latter-day doings may come with bulkier tomes promised from "official" sources. Yet as far as I go, I too profess to write with as good authority as any office archives can unfold; for the major portion of my information springs from the fountain-head itself—from the mouth of the man who until his death was the acknowledged and unchallenged first editor of *Punch*.

A JORUM OF "PUNCH."

BOOK I.—BREWING.

CHAPTER I.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

THE place, Paris; the year, 1835. A young Englishman, tall, broad-shouldered, with a heart as light as his purse, has just taken some modest lodgings at an *hôtel meublé* in the Rue d'Amboise, a small street leading out of the Rue Richelieu. The gentleman in question is twenty-three, though his father will not allow that he has as yet arrived at years of discretion; indeed, from the paternal point of view, it is held to be extremely doubtful if the young hopeful ever will. The father is of the stern, inflexible order of humanity that takes life seriously; the son, of a somewhat happy-go-

lucky nature, with a preference just then for surveying the world as from a weathercock. As a boy, he has been sent to Westminster School, from whence, conceiving himself to have been unjustly treated, he has abruptly absented himself, with his school-mate, a certain Master Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett, and tramped with him to Edinburgh. The havoc which this early escapade wrought with the paternal bile has endured through a formidable list of subsequent misdoings. But Master Henry Mayhew—for such is the young scapegrace's name—is rather proud than otherwise of the Westminster episode, and in after life alludes to it as a new version of the tragedy of "Cane," in which the principal actor did as well as Able.

The school drama had been brought about as follows—and, in order that it may be given under the impress of authority, the incidents are here reproduced in the words of Forshall, whose "Westminster School Past and Present" presents a curious chronicle of scholastic life in the famous seminary hard by Broad Sanctuary:—

"In 1827 there left Westminster School, under remarkable circumstances," says Mr.

Forshall, "a boy whose name will never perish so long as commiseration and solicitude shall be felt for the poverty-stricken and criminal classes of England—Henry Mayhew, the author of 'London Labour and the London Poor.' This boy was in the above-mentioned year a candidate for the foundation. Like some others, he had brilliant abilities, but little industry; and he was at the bottom of the list of candidates on the Saturday preceding the Monday on which all below a certain number were to be excluded from further competition. The master, who was his private tutor, adjured him to make some great effort. His Help likewise did his best to quicken him to a sense of duty. Thus urged, he resolved to put forth all his strength; and so earnest was he that he took to the Abbey service on Sunday a Greek grammar in lieu of a prayer-book. One of the masters, Hodgson, whose nephew was in the next challenge, saw Mayhew intent on Greek instead of prayers, and after service demanded of the boy what book he had been reading in the Abbey, and on being informed further inquired what he meant by such sacrilegious behaviour. 'I am in the Greek challenge, sir, on

Monday morning, and I mean to take your nephew, and to do this I am obliged to use all my time in preparation.' 'Very well,' said the master; 'write me out five hundred lines of Virgil!' 'I can't do it, sir,' was the answer. 'I shall not be able to prepare for the challenge if I do, or to take your nephew.' So the colloquy ended. Mayhew in the Greek challenge passed from the bottom to the centre of the candidates, and took the nephew. The next morning Hodgson asked for the five hundred lines. 'I was not able to do so, sir; I would not else have prepared for the challenge and taken your nephew as I have done.' A monitor was sent for, and Dr. Goodenough asked Mayhew why he had not done the lines. The head-master, who was both surprised and pleased at the unwonted diligence and singular success of the boy, received for answer that the whole of his time had been taken up in preparing for the challenge, and that there had been no time to write an imposition. Thereupon Goodenough said he would not flog him then, but would allow him the whole of the next day in which to write the imposition. In the afternoon of the next day the Latin challenge came, and Mayhew took

the remaining challenges and stood head. Such a feat had never been performed before. Before school broke up the Doctor called up Mayhew and asked for the lines. They were not forthcoming, and the same excuse as before was given. 'Then I must flog you, sir,' said Goodenough. 'Dr. Goodenough,' said the boy, 'you well know that I am not afraid of a flogging, for you have often flogged me, but this time I will not be flogged!' 'What will you do then, sir?' asked the astonished headmaster. 'This,' said the boy, and taking his books under his arm, he ran down the school. It is much to Goodenough's credit that he offered to take the boy back into the school, though he would not permit him longer to be a candidate for college. Mayhew's friends, however, considered such displays of independent spirit incompatible with the necessary discipline of school life. Gilbert A'Beckett left school with Mayhew, and they both walked to Edinburgh, to Henry Mayhew's brother, Edward, who was in practice there, but he consigned them back by sea to their respective parents."

Subsequently a more prolonged course of ozone is administered to Master Mayhew in the

shape of a voyage to Calcutta as a midshipman in one of the old "tea-service" ships. But as a minute knowledge of a sailor's profession is not to be acquired by an almost permanent monopoly of the masthead, the young gentleman's services are dispensed with after the voyage home, and the ex-midshipman returns to a moderately-effusive family circle with his outfit sold, an empty sea-chest, and for all his worldly wealth a Tarantula spider preserved in rum.

Mayhew *filis* is plausible as to his reason for leaving the sea, which he attributes to professional jealousy arising from the conspicuous manner in which his captain invariably *placed him over the heads of his superior officers!* But Mayhew *père* soon learns the disciplinarian motives that have caused his sweet little cherub to perch so often "up aloft," and he summarily puts an end to all argument on his part by the demonstration on his own of "the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

From a sea-lawyer to a shore one is held by Joshua Mayhew to be an easy and even natural transition for his son; and as the former happens to be a solicitor in considerable practice, what more reasonable than that

Master Harry should be "persuaded," by the aid of another "lawyer" from Penang, to enter his father's office in the dignified and responsible capacity of an articulated clerk?

From all *viva voce* accounts handed down in the family, Mr. Joshua Mayhew seems to have had a bad time of it whilst Henry was in his office. Law appears to have been the youth's particular and pet abomination. The whole of the fictional faculties with which nature had endowed young Henry in no mean degree were constantly on the rack, inventing excuses for a more or less prolonged absence from his desk and stool. Of course the end came, though not quite so speedily as with the seamanship. Some important Chancery papers had to be filed. Their lodgment was instantly imperative, and "by order of the Court." Young Mayhew clutches them as a plank to save him from the troubled waters of office routine. He will fly with the documents on the wings of his professional zeal from Carey Street to Westminster. At least, that is his undoubted intention *at the moment*, as he stows the papers carefully away in his pocket, and rushes, with a great gasp of relief, into the open air.

Already an eager student of life in the streets, "The Great World of London" is even now an absorbing study to him, and to-day it presents to eye and ear the stirring drama it will be his mission in later life to criticize and dissect. "London!" as he was by-and-by to write, "the mighty multiplex metropolis, which is not merely a city, but a province covered with houses—a world full of the sweetest poetry and the most crabbed prose, of the noblest heroism and the vilest meannesses; a world where there is a goodly crop of the manna of loving-kindness to be found even in the wilderness; and yet where envy, hatred, and uncharitableness have often nothing but a sponge full of vinegar to give as sour comfort to those who die with the thorny crown of poverty about their head." Brooding thus, his mission fades from his memory. He wanders through the thoroughfares aimlessly, musingly; now stopping at bookstalls and turning leaves, now sauntering through the slums, an unwitting student of "London Labour and the London Poor." At night he steals home to bed dissatisfied with himself, and cursing the uncongenial calling to which he is bound. But

with a recurrence of his thoughts to the law there comes upon him with a flash a remembrance of the Chancery documents he has forgotten to file. Through hours of torment he waits for the morning and the rising of a wrathful parent whom he cannot face at night. A scene follows; and Henry Mayhew is banished from home. He bows to the justice of the sentence, for it is only by prompt and conciliatory explanation with a Master in Chancery that his father escapes a committal for contempt of court.

It was during the period of his banishment—but when his father had softened considerably—that Henry Mayhew betook himself in 1835 to Paris as a cheap place in which to vegetate on the paternal allowance of a pound a week. The lodgings in the Rue d'Amboise suited his slender means, and it was, as I have said, with a light heart and a lighter exchequer that he set about putting his sky-parlour in order, and arranging a by no means inconsiderable travelling library to the most workmanlike advantage. It was whilst so engaged on the morning after his arrival that the sounds of a piano played by a master-hand on a floor under-

neath rose to his ear. Mayhew paused, wavered, listened again, and then, with a cry of delight, dashed down the stairs and unceremoniously rushed into the room where the musician was playing. Mayhew's ears had not deceived him, for there at the instrument sat his old music-master, John Barnett, the composer of "The Mountain Sylph"—the father of English opera—now busily engaged in arranging the "Curfew Chorus" to another opera he then had on the stocks, the subject being "Fair Rosamond," to be produced a year or so later at Drury Lane.

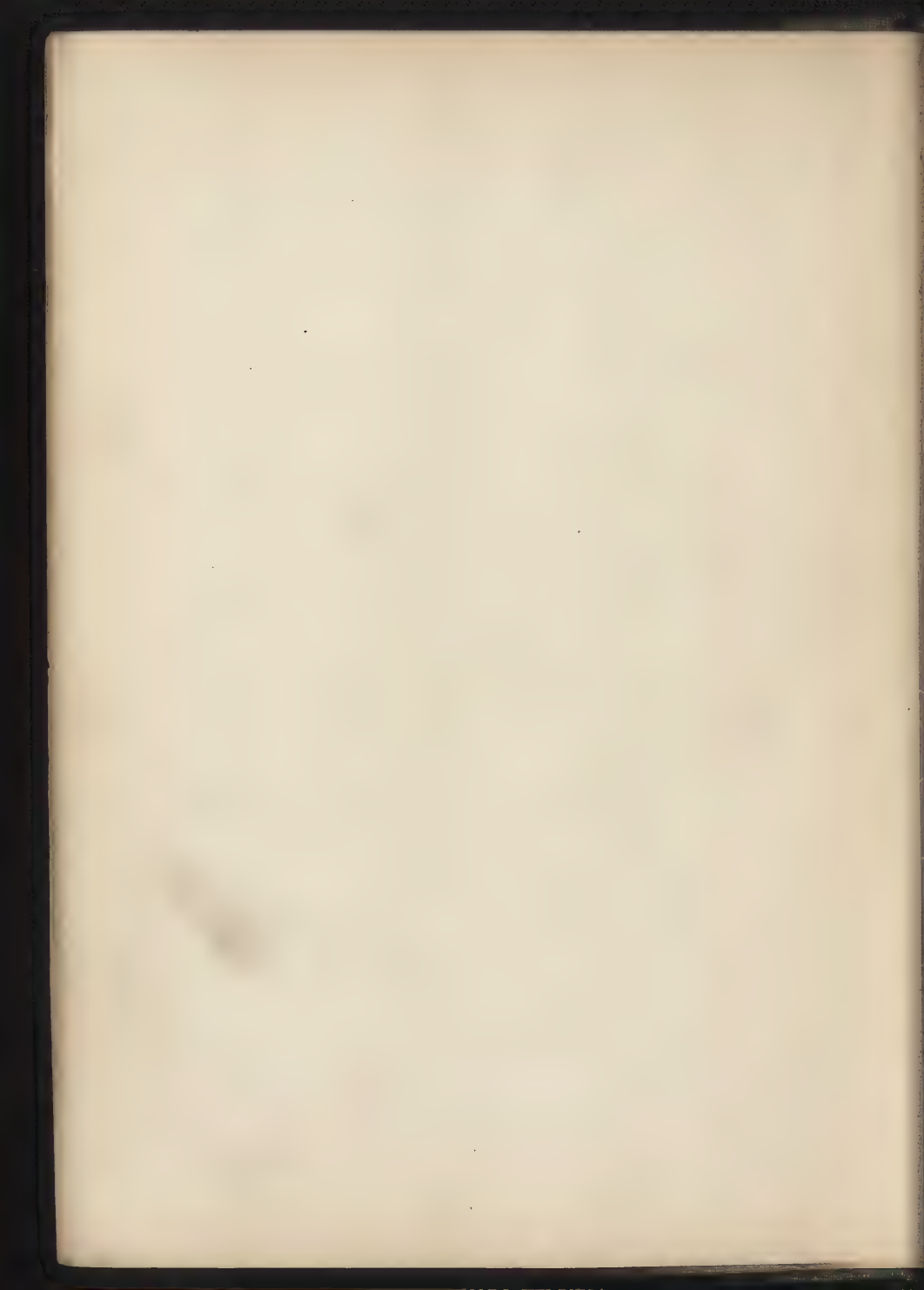
By a strange coincidence the master and the pupil were occupying rooms in the same house, and it ended in Mayhew being invited to take coffee that evening in his former teacher's *étage*—an invitation all the more gratifying when John Barnett added that both Douglas Jerrold and William Makepeace Thackeray would be almost sure to drop in after their dinner.

John Barnett's reputation as a musician had been established in London some time before my father came so unexpectedly upon him in Paris. To a libretto supplied by Mr. J. Thackeray



JOHN BARNETT.

Page to.



(William Makepeace's cousin) and based upon the ballet of "La Sylphide," he had already wedded his opera of "The Mountain Sylph," produced at the Lyceum Theatre under Arnold's management, with such unprecedented success that it ran for 100 nights—an unheard-of lyrical record in those days. Some of the numbers in it, such, for instance, as "Farewell to the Mountains," and the lovely trio "This Magic-Wove Scarf," are stock pieces to this day, and seem likely to hold their own against all the fluster of modern tone-torturers. "The Mountain Sylph" may justly be said to have been the first legitimate English opera, and its composer has an indisputable claim to be considered the father of original and connected lyrical works in this country. Barnett's description of the prevailing stage-craft—or the want of it—at the time of the production of this opera is sufficiently amusing. The singers of the chorus were, according to ancient traditions, in the habit of standing on the stage like statues, satisfied with stolidly grunting their parts. "Give me action to the words," shouted Barnett at them, when he first took them in hand. "Don't you

see that you've got before you a witch, and that it's your business to drive her away?" "Yes, but what are we to do?" was the answer. "Do? what would you do if a fellow came into your house against your will, and refused to go out of it?" "Why, we should turn the rascal out, of course!" "Well, then, turn *her* out, that is all I require you to do." Taking upon himself in this wise the dual functions of stage manager and composer, John Barnett succeeded in revolutionizing the absurd customs of the past, and surprising the English public with a performance that was as novel as it was attractive. He met with his reward, and the cordial words of approval tendered him by the Queen, who was present on the first night, were not the least sweet portion of his success. "The Mountain Sylph" was followed by "Fair Rosamond" in 1836, and by "Farinelli," produced in 1839 (in which the composer Michael Balfe took the principal character). But an opera which Barnett considered his masterpiece never saw the light, though it was scored for all the resources of modern orchestration. "Kathleen," as his latest work was called, remains unheard.

To Barnett's genius as a musician were added no mean parts as a writer. His controversy with Leigh Hunt in *The Tatler* was a notable example of his trenchant pen. Hunt fell foul of English composers of the day, and in extolling the genius of Dr. Arne in a *critique* on the revival of the opera "Artaxerxes," it was thought that he showed an unjust illiberality in respect to contemporary native musicians. Barnett pluckily took up the glove, and a furious epistolary war raged during several weeks, which ended by the great essayist and critic acknowledging himself as fairly worsted. This passage-at-arms, however, did not prevent Leigh Hunt and John Barnett from being subsequently on excellent terms of friendship. The disbelief in the musical genius of the English was then—as it is, in a modified degree, even now—a tremendous obstacle to the advancement of native talent, and in illustration of this John Barnett would unctuously recite the following anecdote:—

"I was once at a certain music-seller's with a newly written composition in hand, which I had just disposed of to the publisher. To us enter one Dr. Carnaby, an organist of respectable abilities, but an inveterate sceptic

as to the merits of English composers. The publisher, who was well aware of the new-comer's foible, slyly tipped me the wink as he said, 'Doctor, what do you think? Mr. Barnett here, has just discovered and arranged to new words an obscure, in fact an almost unknown piece of Mozart's.' 'Ha! Indeed!' exclaimed the Doctor, smacking his lips; 'something very choice, no doubt; let's hear it—play it over for me, will you?' Sitting down at the piano, I played and sang the composition. 'Beautiful! no mistaking that! It's Mozart all over!' cried Carnaby. And when the deceit was explained to him, he was content to shake his head, and to remark that 'it was not so bad for Barnett; not at all bad—for Barnett!'

This "not at all bad for Barnett," was, at the time of my father's unexpected happening on him in the Rue d'Amboise, the bane of the peppery composer's life. But as Mayhew was judicious enough to pronounce the newly-composed "Curfew Chorus" for the impending "Fair Rosamond" opera unrivalled in beauty and originality, you may be certain that his welcome was assured.

Now Jerrold, even in those early days, was one of the gods of young Mayhew's literary idolatry. He had seen him, cursorily, several times in London in the shop of old Richardson, the printer and publisher of the minor drama, in High Holborn, and had been greatly prepossessed by the extreme boyishness and rare comeliness of Jerrold's appearance. The freshness of his complexion, the dapperness of his figure, reminded my father more of some young dare-devil of a middy than a man who had been accustomed to earn his living for many years by the sweat of his brain. At this period his hair was the colour of ripe corn, and his large, full eyes blue and brilliant to a degree. The only point, then, that gave any indication of the genius and fire in the little man was the wonderful play of the nostrils, which seemed to work like a stallion's with the least excitement, while the sole visible sign of the innate satirical strain was that, when he smiled, the corners of the mouth turned downwards rather than upwards, so that each suppressed laugh looked very like a sneer.

Sure enough, Jerrold drops into John Barnett's that evening after his dinner, to be

followed a little later on by tall, fresh-coloured, uncertain-mannered Thackeray, with an eye-glass, and, even in those early days, a habit of placing the thumb and forefinger of each hand in the waistcoat-pockets. The party is nearly a bachelor one, Jerrold being the only married man in the quartette. For a youngster he is an ancient Benedict. He is thirty-two, and has already been married ten years. But Barnett is the senior of the party by a twelvemonth; Thackeray comes next, with a record of twenty-four years; and then Mayhew, with twenty-three summers.

Mr. Thackeray is just now dividing his time between studying figure-drawing over at Passy and scribbling "feuilletons," in the *London and Paris Courier*, the best of these pen-sketches to be afterwards collected in a volume under the title of "The Paris Sketch-Book"; Jerrold is writing "Men of Character" for *Blackwood's Magazine*; John Barnett has now, to use his own phrase, "fairly broken the neck of 'Fair Rosamond,'" the impending grand opera; whilst Mayhew is digesting alternate doses of philosophy and chemistry of a morning upstairs with his books.

The meeting between Mayhew and Jerrold in the Rue d'Amboise was, however, hardly as cordial as genial John Barnett had expected. When Mayhew came to be introduced to the man whose nimble wit and caustic tongue constituted the admiration and dread of the literary novice, he found him ill at ease and surprisingly reticent. The very mention of the name of Mayhew caused the pink cheeks of the dramatist to blanch. Anon, when Barnett was at the piano, Jerrold began pressing his fingers against his lips and shaking his head gravely behind the musician's back in the most mysterious and unusual manner.

"What on earth can be the meaning of all this pantomime?" thought Mayhew, as he kept on nodding dubious assents to Jerrold's repeated gestures. Nor was the mystery solved when by-and-by the little man took his new and evidently unwelcome acquaintance aside, and said, *sotto voce*, "I know what you've come about. Hush! Walk home with me this evening, and I will explain all. But not a word before *them*, I beg of you."

Utterly in the dark as to the subject which

on no account was to be broached, Mayhew had no alternative but to look as wise as an owl, and remain almost as silent as a mouse during the whole of that most uncomfortable meeting.

"I had not, however, to play the solemn sage very long," my father has told me, "for Jerrold soon made an excuse to leave, whereupon I volunteered to accompany him to his lodgings, which were then in one corner of the old Place Carrousel. Immediately we set foot in the street Jerrold said, eagerly, 'You are connected with Mayhew, the solicitor of Carey Street, are you not?'"

"'I am,' I replied, more mystified than ever; 'his son.'

"'I thought so!' exclaimed the author of 'Black-Eyed Susan,' with a heavy sigh; 'and you have come over about those bills,' he quickly added.

"'Those bills! What bills? I know nothing about any bills,' was my rejoinder. 'You needn't fancy that I have anything to do with the law.'

"'Haven't you, by Jove!' cried the little man, and he stopped suddenly as if to shake a

heavy load of care from his back. 'Then give me your hand, sir. I am glad to meet a *gentleman*,' said he, with a significant emphasis on the word, 'who doesn't require an Act of Parliament to make him one,' for Jerrold could never resist the chance of having a fling at the legal profession."

And then came the simple solution of the previous puzzling enigma.

Jerrold and old Wigan (the father of Alfred and Horace Wigan, the actors), who was the first secretary to the Dramatic Authors' Society, had been adding to the paper currency of the country; and the drafts not having been honoured with the satisfactory precision of bank-notes, they had been placed in the elder Mayhew's hands so that proceedings might be instituted. A writ had been issued, judgment had gone by default, and Jerrold, to escape arrest, had flown to Paris. Hence his trepidation at the bare mention of the name of Mayhew, and his subsequent relief on finding that, though a son of the dreaded lawyer, his new acquaintance had nothing to do with the business.

Jerrold's joy, moreover, was considerably enhanced by Mayhew telling him that he might

perhaps serve him—if not with a *capias*—at least with a process of inquiry as to what steps were being taken against him in Carey Street, and by inducing the firm to accede to such terms as he had to offer for the settlement of the matter. The successful accomplishment of this cemented the friendship that had so strangely sprung up through Barnett's introduction.

"The evenings passed in John Barnett's rooms at Paris," my father was never tired of repeating, "among such splendid company as the future authors of 'Vanity Fair' and 'Mrs. Caudle's Lectures,' as well as the composer of 'The Mountain Sylph,' were things to be perpetually treasured in the brain—to be treasured as tenaciously as the sea-shell stores up the whisperings of the mighty ocean, and keeps on for ever recalling the syren voices long after they have ceased to murmur their music in the ear. Night after night did this celebrated *triumviri* assemble in the Rue d'Amboise to talk—over their coffee and 'caporal'—the wildest nonsense and the finest sense it was ever my happy lot to listen to; and night after night, let the discourse take at first whatever

turn it might, it was sure at last to get into the same old metaphysical tangle: which was the greatest art—music, painting, or the drama? being the nice little knot which the three young pundits would invariably endeavour to unpick.

“Barnett, of course, was music’s champion. Thackeray, on the other hand, entered the lists in favour of painting; whilst Jerrold, characteristically, took up the cudgels for the drama, and belaboured away at the others in right good earnest—his final knock-down blow invariably being a reference to Hamlet’s celebrated soliloquy, ‘To be or not to be.’

“‘There, Master Thackeray!’ the little man would cry, triumphantly, ‘could *you* or your Michael Angelo, or your Rubens or your Rembrandt ever put *that* upon canvas? And you, Master Barnett! could you, or any Beethoven or Mozart that ever lived, set *that* to music?’

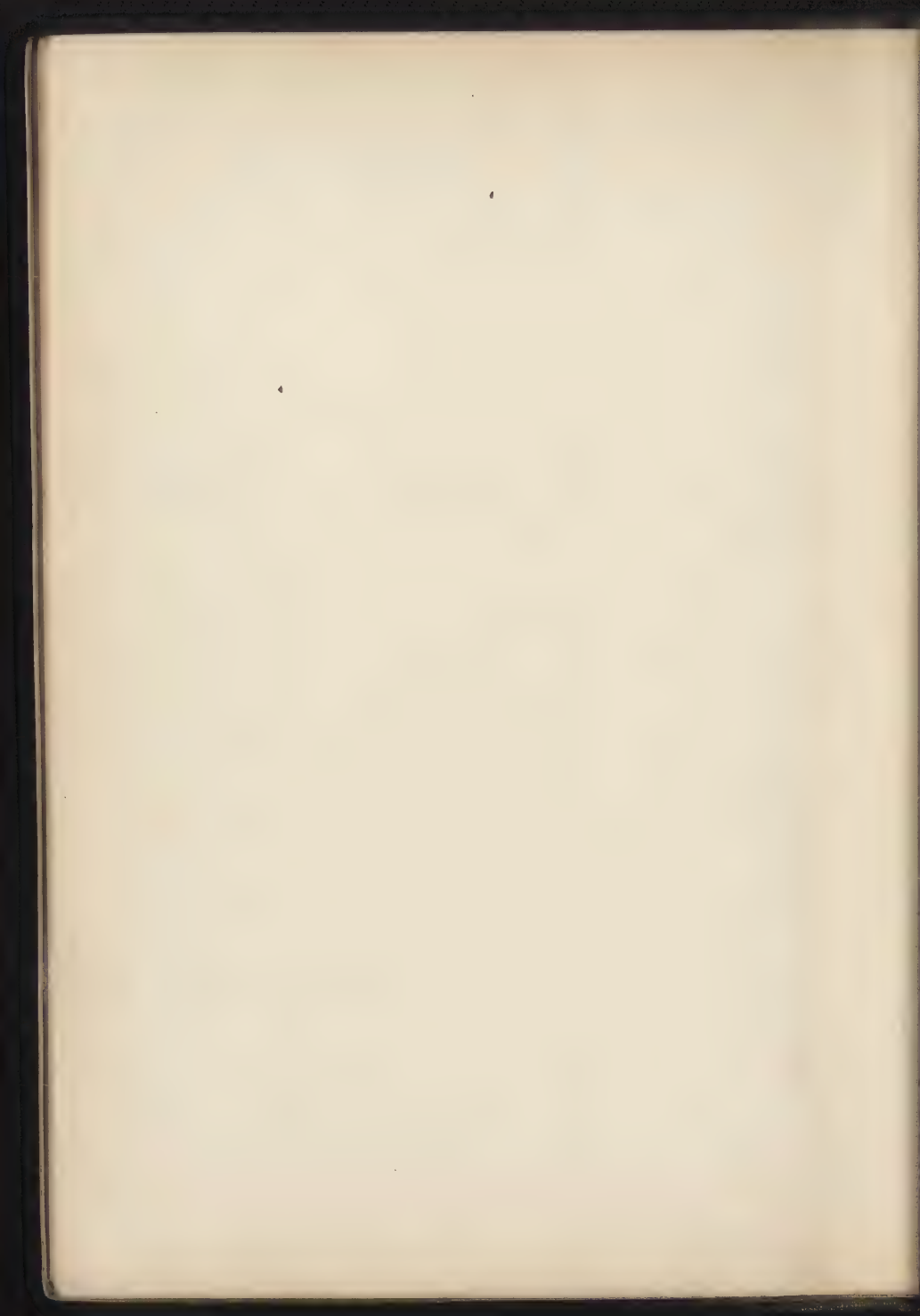
“And with this slight poser the conversation would lapse once more into that agreeable kind of ‘chaff’ with which, the proverb tells us, young birds rather than old ones are apt to be most taken.”

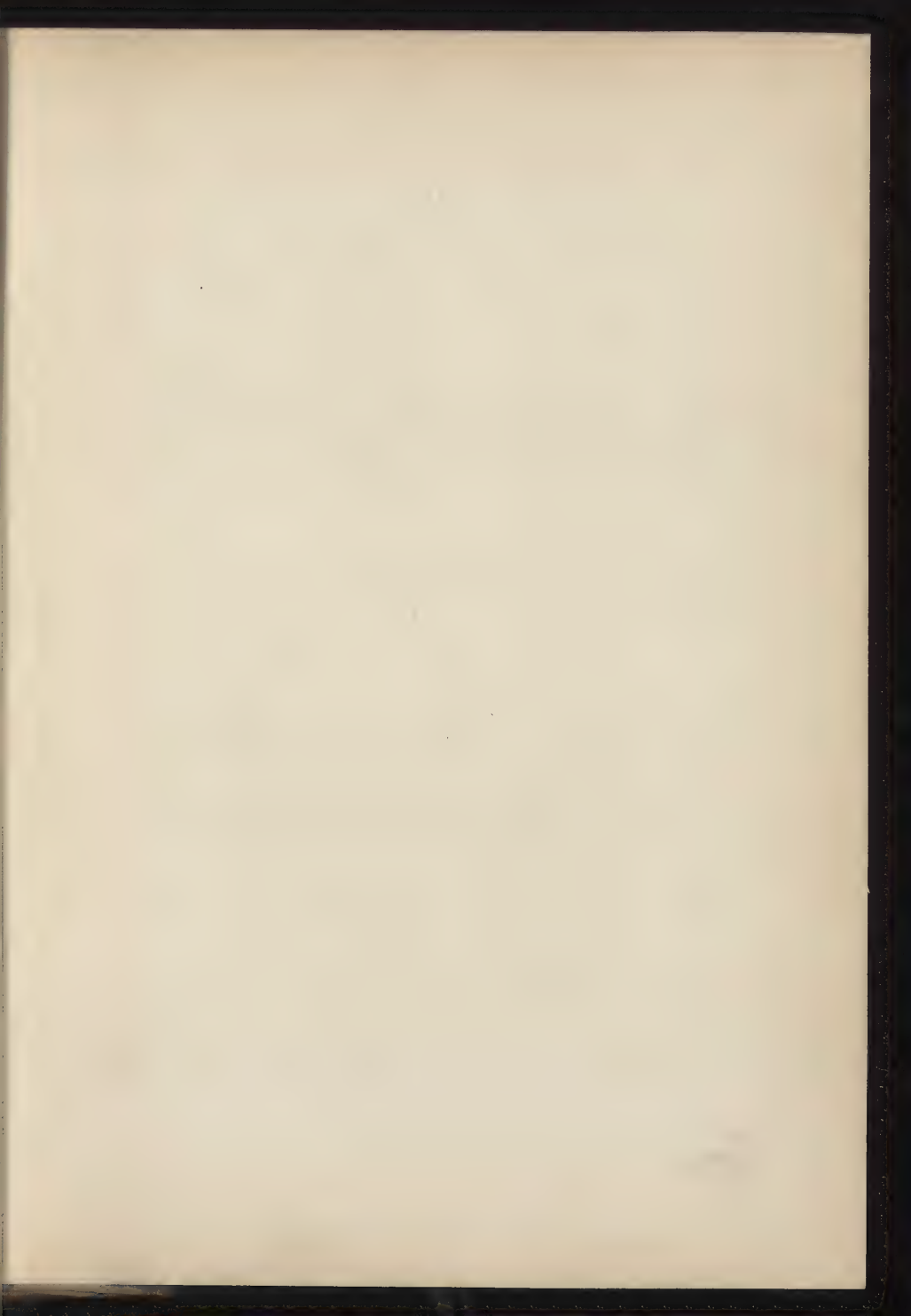
But journalism, its means and its ends, would

also come under frequent discussion. My father had already taken to the pen as a profession. Thackeray was engaged in a half-hearted way in ink-shedding—for he was as yet labouring under the strange belief that he was destined to be an artist rather than an author—whilst Barnett was never so happy as when upholding his various musical theories, with, as he used to put it, "pot-hooks and hangers, rather than crotchets and quavers."

Night after night these discussions continued, with Jerrold, Barnett, and Mayhew for chief spokesmen, and Thackeray an amused listener rather than an active disputant. Whilst his friends were hammering away at their several pet problems, it was Thackeray's habit to pounce upon a pen and any odd scrap of paper he could lay his hand upon, and sketch fantastic figures and groups without end. Dashed off with fineness and rapidity, these artistic notes were among his very best efforts as a draughtsman. Indeed, had he ultimately developed the skill of which these sketches were the promise, there can be little doubt that he would have made a mark in the artistic world. Yet when he became the illustrator of his own works—









(Dickens, the reader will remember, declined his services with thanks, when he offered himself as artist to "Pickwick," after Seymour's tragic end)—the firmness and vigour of his youthful hand gave way to a singular feebleness and uncertainty of execution. Through the kindness of Mr. Reginald Barnett, a son of the late John Barnett, I am enabled to give my readers some facsimiles of the sketches done by Thackeray in the Rue d'Amboise. Treasured by "the father of English Opera" from the moment of their execution, they are now preserved by his family as cherished mementos of one of England's greatest men.

The uses and abuses of satirical journalism formed a frequent topic of debate at Barnett's rooms, and the arguments used sank deep into my father's mind. Why shouldn't a healthy, *clean*, comic paper be possible in England?

Wit rightly used, they all agreed, was as much a logical weapon as the syllogism, the *argumentum ad absurdum* of the school-men, and laughter as distinctive a faculty of human nature as imagination itself. No other animal save man was capable of enjoying the intense mental delight of innocent mirth; no other

sentient creature evinced the least disposition or taste for humour: the so-called "laughing" hyena (who, by the bye, has never since his primeval evolution been able to discover what on earth he is laughing at) screamed more often from pure savagery than it chuckled with glee; the monkey was naturally mischievous instead of being innately funny; and the birds sang as "the plough-boy whistled—for want of thought." Man alone could make a joke and enjoy a joke; why then should there not be a special organ for the lovers of wholesome fun? Formerly, almost every monarch had some eminent jester attached to his court; and similarly why should not the majesty of the people contribute its countless threepences weekly to keep some professional humorists continually engaged for their enjoyment?

"One day," wrote John Barnett to me, from Cotteswold, his place near Cheltenham, under date of March 21st, 1888, "one day, when we were sallying forth from the Rue d'Amboise to dine, your father bought a copy of the *Charivari* and read some paragraphs to me.

" 'It is a pity we have no paper of that sort in London,' I remarked.

“ ‘ That’s a good thought, O Barnett !’ cried your father.

“ ‘ We might call it *John Bull*,’ said I.

“ ‘ That remains to be thought of,’ said he.

“ And then the subject came up again and again, with all kinds of suggestions.

“ ‘ When I get to London,’ said your father, ‘ I shall make a move in the matter.’

“ The title *Punch* was never thought of by either of us in Paris, but the French *Charivari* certainly suggested the idea of ‘ the coming London comic.’ ”

CHAPTER II.

DOUGLAS JERROLD AS A "RATIONAL."

THE Cleanly Comic, which had been discussed so freely in Paris with John Barnett in 1835, lay dormant in Henry Mayhew's mind for at least another couple of years—during the period, in fact, of his rustication in Wales, where, in retirement on the banks of the Wye, my father led a hermit's kind of life, "reading and studying," as he put it, "and girding on my armour for the great crusade of literary life."

The summer of 1838, however, finds the dreamy scholar of the Wye transformed into a high-spirited young London journalist, with a rising reputation in literary circles for dash and brilliancy of style, and an unwonted facility for writing on every conceivable and inconceivable subject, grave or gay. By this time his acquaintance with Jerrold has ripened

into intimacy, and a friendship later on, to be drawn by closer bonds when Henry Mayhew marries Douglas Jerrold's eldest daughter, Jane.

On Mayhew's return from Wales Jerrold is living in a market-gardener's house up at Haverstock Hill, "revelling day by day in the perfume of the acres of roses in which his new homestead is literally embedded." Saturday is Jerrold's day in town, and being the quintessence of Johnson's "clubable man," the major portion of it—with reasonable encroachments into the night—is spent by him in visiting the many coteries to which he generally stands in the relationship of sponsor. Of these, the "Rationals" is just then a favourite club, held at the "Garrick's Head" in Bow Street, and much affected by theatricals—Bob Keeley, Paul Bedford, and Tom Grieve (the scene-painter) ranking among the principal members. Not far away, in Broad Court, is the old "Wrekin Tavern," then kept by Hemming, the Adelphi actor. Here there is an "ordinary" daily at four p.m., patronized by some half-dozen choice spirits, such as Walter Lacy—the sole survivor of the brilliant band—

then fresh from the provinces, and seeking an engagement at a London theatre ; Henry Lacon Anderson, afterwards to become " Sir Henry " and Secretary to the India Board ; Gilbert A'Beckett ; H. P. Grattan, the author-actor ; Joe Allen, the landscape painter ; Henry Mayhew ; and last, but by no means least, from a convivial point, Harry Baylis, formerly of the firm of Cox and Baylis (the printers to the East India House), and quondam proprietor of the *John Bull* newspaper in its best days—a " fellow," like Yorick, " of infinite humour, who was wont to set the table in a roar." Hither also comes Jerrold on his Saturday holiday in town, and invariably after his dinner at the " Rationals." Charlie Tomkins, the scene-painter, Newman and Henning, the draughtsmen, are also to be reckoned upon for a late, but none the less welcome, appearance.

It is worthy of note that among the above names six at least—Mayhew, Baylis, A'Beckett, Grattan, Allen, and Henning—became associated with Number One of *Punch*. Jerrold might reasonably be added to the number, but when the date of the appearance of the *London Charivari* was fixed (July 17th, 1841), he was

living in Boulogne, and his earliest contribution only arrived in time for Number Two. It is also to be borne in mind that the name of Mark Lemon does not appear among the list of *habitués* of the "Wrekin Tavern" at that time. Yet here the Coming Comic was again and again discussed, though still unchristened. It was agreed by all that the staff was there, but where—alas, indeed, where was the capitalist?

Well, capitalists, it must be confessed, rather held aloof from these fraternal gatherings. The young wits were apt to print poignant things concerning the ways of the worshippers of Mammon—possibly, under the goad of cheques deferred. The "literary gent" had invariably the best of such reprisals, though he had sometimes to rest content with second honours when certain autograph manuscripts were brought before his notice after they had been allowed some three or six months to mature. Jerrold, in particular, was never more ferociously brilliant than when flashing forked-lightning against the tyranny of gold; nor was usurious interest ever wrung from him (as the price of "a renewal") that was not

repaid with tenfold interest by his rebellious brains.

Moreover, the manners and customs of the literary man during the early Victorian era were not so beautifully encased in starch and buckram as they are to-day. He preferred the dressing-gown and slippers of the mind—the easy and unaffected intelligence to be met with at his tavern—the simplicity of his home life and the honest genial spirit pervading his social gatherings—to all the pinchbeck problems and neurotic bleatings of the "cults." Self-reliance of his own fashioning constituted his principal support. He was not eternally asking himself how others saw him, or how he could best masquerade in such airs and graces as had contributed to the success of someone else. No; he preferred, as a rule, to use his brains first-hand, to think and act for himself unmindful of what others might say, and to play the fool with a gaiety of heart untrammelled by the ukases of society.

It was in the true spirit of such unconventional times that the "Rationals" above referred to met, and often indulged in behaviour that strangely belied their name. My father has left

me a description of a Saturday night's gathering at this club, which presents a free-and-easy picture of the manner in which some of the leading lights of literature, art, and the drama disported themselves some sixty odd years ago :—

"On one of these Saturday nights I remember Douglas making his appearance at the Wrekin somewhat earlier, and rather more excited, than usual. There was no necessity to ask the reason : someone had evidently been having a good stir at the little genius's fire, and his steam was up—to a hundred horse-power at least. So he was too full of what had occurred not to be communicative. Now, one of the first principles of these same 'Rationals,' as they called themselves, was that fines were to be levied for every offence against the club rules, which had been framed certainly upon the most *irrational* basis. Thus there were fines for treating the chairman with anything like respect, fines for making a pun, fines for repeating a joke which was a known 'Old Joe,' and fines for telling an anecdote of an earlier date than B.C., or of more than five minutes' duration. Then there were fines for having the 'hiccups' before supper, fines for

murdering the Queen's English, and particularly for ex-aspirating the h's, fines for calling your brother Rational an ass, and fines for swearing, or indulging in an oath even of the mildest description. Further, fines were imposed on any member stating, when he rose to make a speech, that he was unaccustomed to public speaking, fines for starting a discussion on the immortality of the soul before two o'clock in the morning, and fines for vowing that you loved your sainted mother, or prided yourself on being a good husband and a father, at any hour of the evening.

"These fines served to form a fund for the repeated replenishment of the punch-bowl. Consequently, every member kept a sharp watch on the others, and each persisted during dinner in either exciting his brother opposite or next to him to some infraction of the rules, or else in making out that the said brother had transgressed them, even if he had not; so that in the heat of the discussion which might ensue, someone might call upon the 'holy poker' or take his 'sacred davy' as to the truth of something or other; or appeal to the *worthy* chairman for an *impartial* decision; or else

affirm, with withering sarcasm, that it was no wonder the "creature" on his right didn't mind about the pence, and only took care of the pounds, since it behoved all such long-eared animals to keep a sharp look-out for the pounds certainly—each of which matters being a finable offence, it generally followed that money enough came to be collected in the pool for just a bowl or two, as a commencement to the festivities.

"Well, it so happened that on the night above referred to, the chairman, who, if I recollect rightly, was no less a person than Fitzball (the celebrated slow-music and blue-fire dramatist of the minor theatres), begged of someone near him, who would keep on shouting 'waiter!' at the top of his voice, to have pity on his ears, saying, 'Please bear in mind, old boy, I've got a head on my shoulders,' whereupon Jerrold cried out across the table,—

"'For my part, Fitz, I think you've got only a pimple on your shoulders, which will never come to a head.'

"'Fine him,' chuckled the rollicking Paul Bedford, who was the 'vice' of the evening; 'fine Jerrold for saying "ed."'

" 'I'll take my oath I didn't!' exclaimed the sensitive little man, stung to the quick at the bare idea that anyone could think it possible for him to be guilty of so vulgar an error in his pronunciation.

" 'Fine him again!' roared Tom Grieve, from the bottom of the table, 'for having recourse to an oath.'

" 'Dear me! what long ears some creatures have,' sneered Douglas, getting rapidly out of temper.

" 'Fine him, too, for the base insinuation,' once more interposed the roguish Paul.

" 'Fine him! fine him! fine him!' was echoed from every part of the table; for all were only too glad to catch the redoubtable little satirist on the hop.

" 'I'll trouble you for eighteen pence, Mr. Jerrold!' said the secretary, blandly walking up to the dramatist with the plate.

" 'I'll see you d——d before I pay a half-penny,' fumed the author of 'Black-Eyed Susan,' now boiling over with passion.

" 'That makes half-a-crown, sir,' added the imperturbable club official, without moving a muscle. 'We charge a shilling a d——, sir;

though I believe you know we make a liberal allowance on your taking a quantity.'

"This was too much for little Douglas.

"Fairly beside himself with rage, he knocked the plate from the secretary's hand, and sent all the money which had been previously placed in it by offending members flying into the air.

"Such an incident, of course, threw the convivial meeting into the wildest disorder. Paul Bedford was up in an instant: he flew with Tom Grieve to the side of the hot-blooded author, and each held him by an arm to prevent him doing any further damage.

"Now, both of these worthies were alike sons of Anak in their build and stature: men of comparatively herculean frames, and each standing some six feet at least in his shoes. Jerrold, on the other hand, was a mere mite of a man; and yet he was quickened with a spirit which gave him, when roused, the pluck and fury of a stag at bay.

"So little David struggled and struggled with the Goliath on either side of him, and having at length burst away from their hold, he threw himself into an attitude of resolute

defence, while he growled out between his clenched teeth,—

“ ‘By God, sirs! if you lay a hand upon me again, I’ll throw the pair of you out of window!’

“ ‘Ay! and I believe I should have done it too,’ added the little fellow, on recounting the adventure to me, utterly unconscious as he was of the gross absurdity of his fancying that it was possible for a pigmy like him to fling two giants through the casement.”

CHAPTER III.

SOME PARTNERSHIPS OF "GIL" AND "HARRY."

AT the time when the "Wrekin Tavern" was the headquarters of many well-known *littérateurs* and artists, Mayhew had already gained some unprofitable experience in launching literary ventures undermanned with "the sinews of war." Even before his residence in Paris—in the earliest thirties, in fact—he had, in partnership with Gilbert A'Beckett, started several weekly periodicals on nothing more commercially substantial than a five-pound note and a confiding printer.

"The rise of comic journalism," says Mr. Fox Bourne in his admirable "History of English Newspapers," "is noteworthy. Humorous verse and prose had been combined on occasion with the serious news or comments in most of the daily or weekly papers from the commencement of the nineteenth century, and

in earlier days, as when Charles Lamb included poems and jokes in his fashionable intelligence for *The Morning Post*, and when Thomas Moore contributed his squibs in rhyme to *The Morning Chronicle*, after the fashion set by Canning and his friends in *The Anti-Jacobin*, and competing with Theodore Hook, Barham, and others in *John Bull*; but independent comic journalism was somewhat of a novelty in 1831, when, on December 10th, Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett and Henry Mayhew commenced *Figaro in London*."

This collaboration between A'Beckett and Mayhew had begun at the age of seventeen and sixteen respectively, when A'Beckett was dividing his time between reading for the Bar and writing for the Press, and Mayhew had renounced the law and had embraced the Fourth Estate. Then began a literary partnership which was as brilliant as it was irresponsible. Periodical was launched on periodical in rapid succession. No sooner was one dead than another was born—for proprietors of papers like playwrights in those days didn't always think they had done badly on a fortnight's run. Thus within three years there came, among others of

less stability, *The Censor*, *The Literary Beacon*, and *The Thief*. The latter unique journal (for those times, at least) was an early combination of *The Review of Reviews* with the "Bits" class of gleaners now so highly popular. On account of its uncompromising title *The Thief* was probably the only candid acknowledgment of "scissors and paste" the literary world has seen. Tom Hood, the elder, pronounced it "the most honest dishonest paper he had ever read."

But *Figaro in London* was a hit—a palpable hit! It caught the public fancy from the first, and the pictorial conceits of Seymour and Cruikshank, which were latterly found in its pages, added not a little to its popularity. For its period it endured a phenomenal existence, lasting from December 10th, 1831, till August 10th, 1839. Its success caused many rivals to spring up and contest the humorous field. No fewer than four other "comics" were started within six months of *Figaro's* appearance—*Punch in London*, under Douglas Jerrold's editorship, on January 14th, 1832; *Punchinello; or Sharps, Naturals and Flats*, with illustrations by George Cruikshank, on

January 20th; *The Devil in London*, afterwards called *Asmodeus in London*, on February 29th, and *The Schoolmaster at Home*, on June 9th; and these were followed by *Dibdin's Penny Trumpet*, on October 20th, and by *The Whig Dresser*, on January 5th, 1833. These six papers lasted severally only seventeen, ten, thirty-seven, six, four, and twelve weeks. Here, then, in *Figaro*, was a whale among the minnows, although it consisted only of four small quarto pages for a penny. But it was judiciously and smartly edited, and full of crackers and squibs on passing events. Interspersed with these could be found, as Mr. Fox Bourne says, "witty brevities and funny paragraphs, and with a column or two of theatrical criticism as its most solid item. It had at first only one caricature, on the front page of every number, though before long other pictures, sometimes three or four a week, were introduced." Mr. Bourne, however, is in error when he says that Henry Mayhew was in command of *Figaro* at its death; his connection with it lasted one or two years. Gilbert A'Beckett was the sole controlling power at the Barber's death.

It was a year or two before the production of *Figaro in London*, and consequently prior to 1831, that "Gil" A'Beckett and "Harry" Mayhew projected *Cerberus; or, the Hell Post*, a ferociously-named weekly comic—to contain a reliable list of all the latest arrivals in Hades—and which would have forestalled *Figaro* in the honour of being the first English humorous paper—if it had only been born. In those confiding days a trustful papermaker and printer and a five-pound note for preliminary advertisements were considered by these enterprising young gentlemen ample "sinews" wherewith to supply an expectant public with No. 1 of a "long-felt want." The above-mentioned periodicals were all launched on some such slender treasury. But when *Cerberus* was about to bark and snarl, and No. 1 was in type (through the kind co-operation of the aforesaid confiding printer), and the paper had been duly delivered "on monthly account," or "one week under the other," as the case might be, when the title had been drawn and engraved (to be duly paid for out of the first publishing day's takings), when, in fact, everything was ready to let *Cerberus*

loose, bar that important factor in periodical success—a purchasing public—then, and then only, was it discovered that “a paltry five pounds” were wanting wherewith to pay for the necessary advertisements in advance. Although the joint proprietors and editors were never known to run out of a stock of humour, there was another equally indispensable commodity of which they were not infrequently known to possess only the most infinitesimal fund. Just then it totalled to considerably under the five pounds. *Cerberus*, in consequence, stood in imminent jeopardy of abandonment in the throes of its birth. But the genius of A’Beckett rose with the extremity of the situation, and his fertile brain devised a scheme worthy of the great undertaking in hand. Though, he explained, money was not just then in sufficient abundance to advertise with the prodigality they desired, there was still enough coin of the realm available for an isolated effort to catch popular attention by a concentrated *coup de publicité*. This was effected as follows : A devil’s dress was hired from a theatrical costumier—a highly-coloured presentment of his Satanic majesty, with

hairy body, horns, tin-foil eyes, tail and trident all complete—and into this startling embodiment of Evil it was proposed to decoy some luckless "sandwich-man" by bribe of extra pay, and then to make him promenade the principal thoroughfares and distribute *Cerberus* announcements broadcast. But starvation had not half the horrors for the outcast wretches on whom they sought to place this dress, as the thought of the earthly purgatory they might endure in such a guise at the hands of the average London boy. A'Beckett's happy thought was about to be reluctantly abandoned as an impracticable inspiration, when Mayhew captured, by the Strand Asylum door, a poor old pauper willing, and even eager, to walk about in any garb save the hated workhouse clothes. To the delight of "Gil" and "Harry," the pauper stood the ordeal of a presentation to the unfilled King of Hades without flinching, so he was quickly dressed before his courage cooled, and then, with due instructions as to the nice conduct of his tail, and with a load of handbills under his arm, he was dispatched from the office with a benediction for his welfare. The editors followed at a distance to

watch the effect. It was magical, not to say electric. What the more experienced sandwich-men foresaw would happen came to pass. The irrepressible London boys rose apparently in their thousands from out the very paving-stones. They yelled, they screamed, they danced round the Devil in delirious rings; they pulled his tail till it came out by the roots; they filched his trident and prodded him with it in the rear; they tweaked his *papier-maché* nose and threw resounding missiles at his tin-foil eyes. Slowly but surely the theatrical devil was being dismembered and changing to the poor old pauper underneath. At last the hairy trunk gave way, the cloven foot was cast, and then from a vortex of howling, surging imps, all that was left of the pauper and the devil was borne aloft on the arms of stalwart policemen to the nearest police-station.

They paid the pauper's fine and got him out—which was more than A'Beckett and Mayhew could do for *Cerberus*.

CHAPTER IV.

ROUND "THE WREKIN."

BUT now all the brilliant bantlings emanating from the A'Beckett-Mayhew partnership had succumbed from what Theodore Hook once described as "an ailment of the chest." All save *Figaro in London*, which, *mirabile dictu*, was still in existence, "possibly," as my father used to laughingly remark, "because he had long since resigned the co-editorship of it." But even then "Gil" was on his last legs with *Figaro*, and the Barber joined the majority about a year and a half before *Punch* was founded.

Thus the field was clearing for the new venture. "At that time," says my father, "the only journals of 'a light character' were about as coarse, and indulged in the same foul aspersions as is the wont of your 'light' characters in general. Their satire was simply slander, their wit obscenity, their

humour vulgarity, their ridicule abuse, and their means of existence 'black-mail.'" To this bandit brigade belonged the notorious Barnard Gregory, and the editors of *The Satirist*, *The Age*, *Paul Pry*, and similar abominations. But the new era in healthy comic journalism, "which should be as pure and joyous as a baby's laughter, and the satire as refined, and yet as pungent, as aromatic vinegar"—was it but a purist's dream, or was it destined to take tangible shape, and if so, where, oh where, was that capitalist?

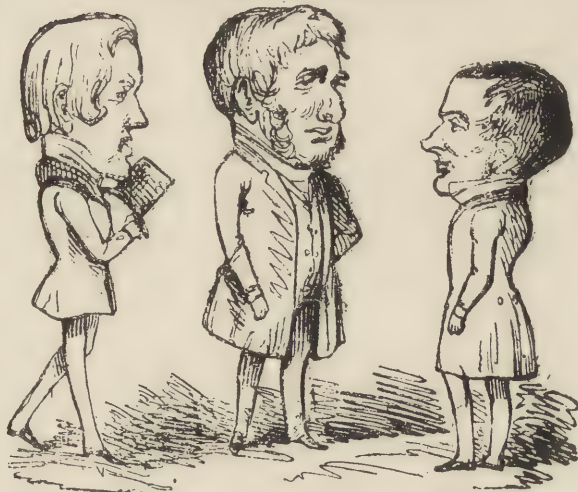
Well, they didn't lure one to "The Wrekin"; so my father bestirred himself to "track him to his lair." Literary and artistic co-operation being guaranteed, a scheme of publication was prepared and submitted to Mr. Johnson, the printer of the *Nassau Press* (later on to become proprietor of *The London Journal*), with a view to his furnishing the capital necessary for the foundation of a weekly periodical which it was at first proposed to christen *Cupid*, after the nickname of the late Lord Palmerston. "But"—and I am now using my father's own words—"but though Charlie Tomkins, the scene-painter of the

Adelphi Theatre, had drawn a large 'sixteen-sheet' poster for the work, in the form of a full-length figure of 'Pam,' got up as the 'Archer Boy' and dancing *à la* John Reeve in a then popular burlesque on the top of a sunflower, the spirited proprietor of the *Nassau Press* had not sufficient 'speculation in his eye' at the time to feel disposed to enter into such an undertaking, and the project consequently had to be laid aside."

"Some year or so afterwards"—to continue my father's pithy and incontestable narrative of the foundation of *Punch*—"having been requested to contribute some articles to a periodical called *The Cosmorama*, the same scheme, on the discontinuance of that publication, was proposed by me to Mr. Last, the printer, then of Crane Court, and to Mr. Landells, the wood-engraver, who had been the proprietors of the cosmoramic miscellany just mentioned; and they, being of a more adventurous turn than the Nassau typographer, cheerfully consented to join in the new and apparently more promising enterprise. So the long-cherished idea of the decent comic weekly periodical ultimately came to be carried out, and the craft that had been

so long upon the stocks eventually launched, manned with nearly the same jolly crew that had originally signed articles ; but with the title then altered from *Cupid* to *Punch*, as being more typical of the popular notion of boisterous merriment. And when this same work became one of the most successful and profitable ventures of the day—when it had made the fortunes of its after proprietors, and the reputation of everyone connected with it—and when it had really cleansed the Augean stables of all the literary ‘muck’ that the public had formerly been led to think was wit, I never met Johnson of the *Nassau Press*, but he used to pretend to drive me from him, with a wave of his hand, saying : ‘Go away ! I can’t bear to see you. I lost a fortune through not joining you in that speculation.’”

WILL BE OUT SHORTLY,



AND CONTINUED EVERY SATURDAY,

(Size of the Athenaeum)

PRICE THREEPENCE,

A NEW WORK OF WIT AND WHIM,
EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS AND CARICATURES,

TO BE CALLED

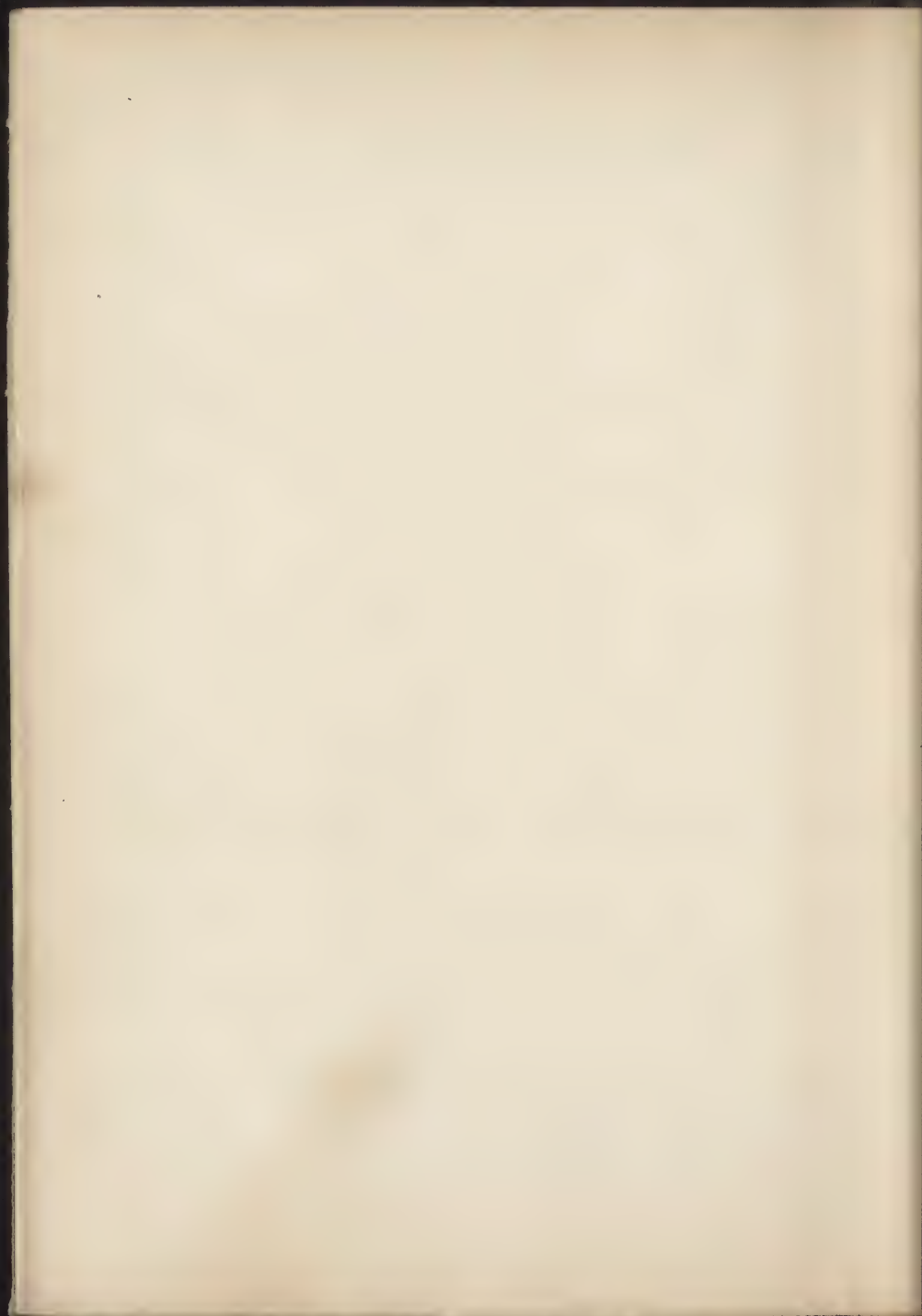
PUNCH;

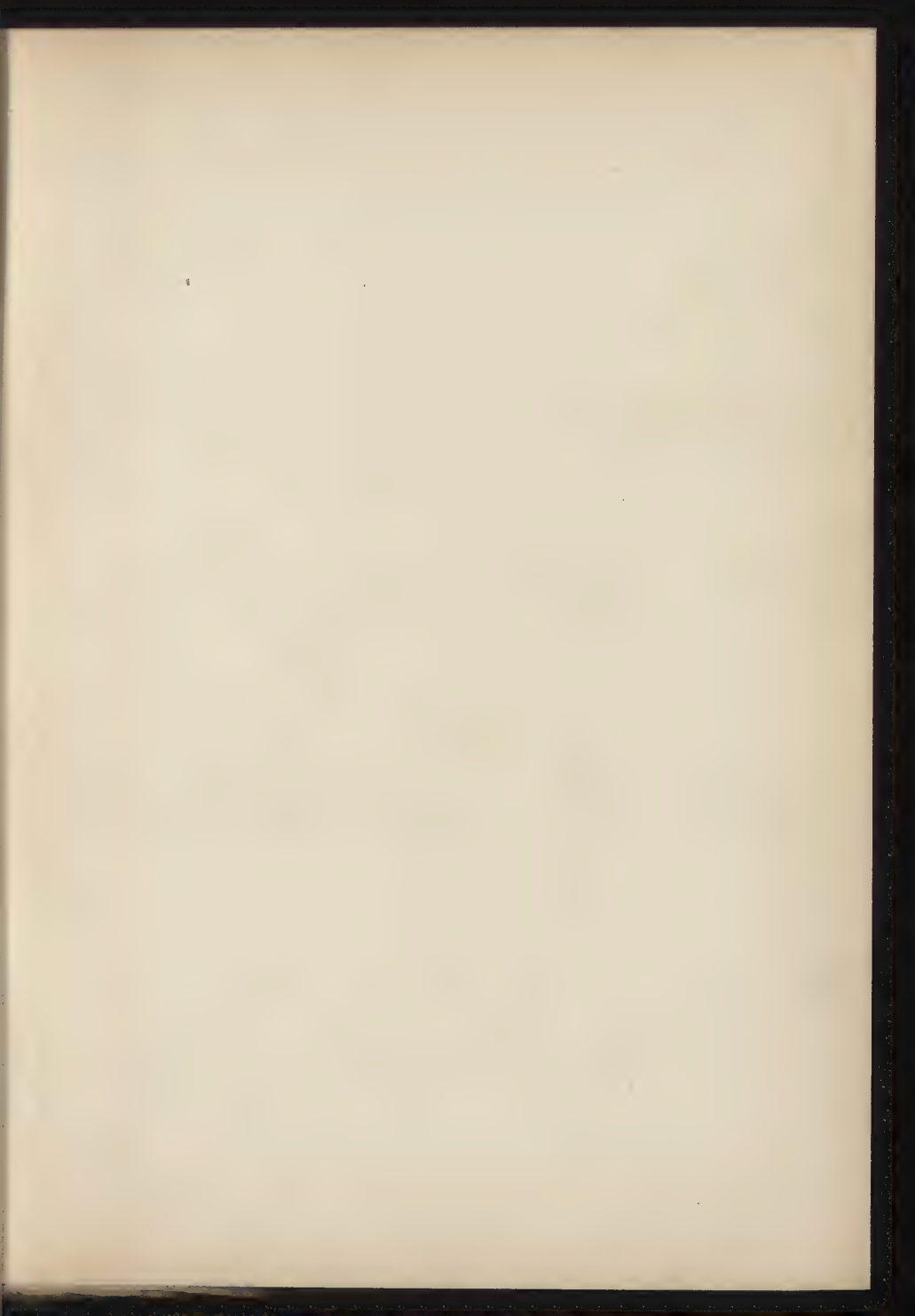
OR,

The London Charivari.

This *Cassidograph* is intended to form a refuge for destitute wit—an asylum for the thousands of orphan jokes—the superannuated Joe Millers—the

FACSIMILE OF ANNOUNCEMENT, "PUNCH."





millions of perishing puns, which are now wandering about without so much as a shelf to rest upon! It will also be devoted to the emancipation of the Jew *d'esprits* all over the world, and the naturalisation of those alien JONATHANS, whose adherence to the truth has forced them to emigrate from their native land.

The proprietors feel that the "eyes of Europe" will be upon them—that every risible animal, like our political patriots, will look out for



FACSIMILE OF ANNOUNCEMENT.—(continued.)

CHAPTER V.

"SCIENTIFIC OR LITERARY?"

THE beginning of 1841 found Henry Mayhew in lodgings in Hemming's Row—a portion of vanished London to be remembered by the more ancient among us as a dingy little thoroughfare adjacent to Leicester Square, inhabited mainly by ivory-turners and carvers. There, in a sky parlour, the paternal pittance of a pound a week was supplemented by dramatic and literary work, until my father found himself "passing rich" on something considerably above his fifty-two pounds a year. But his love for literature had, in a measure, been supplanted by a more ardent affection for science. As a stripling he had a hankering for chemistry. Once—and only once—he confided to his father his desire to follow in the footsteps of his friend Faraday, and become a chemist. Mayhew *père* responded by offering to appren-

tice him to his apothecary! The subject wasn't debated after *that*. But in Wales, where he found he could live on ten shillings a week, half of young Henry's patrimony went in the purchase of scientific and metaphysical books; and to the accompaniment of bread-and-cheese and chives he assimilated such "hard nuts" as Sir Humphrey Davy and Dr. Thomas Brown.

On his return to London Mayhew found experimental chemistry a somewhat expensive pursuit. It cost him his free board and lodging with his brother Alfred, in Albany Street, where he wrecked the kitchen and nearly killed the cook through an oxy-hydrogen experiment, which might have ended in a valuable discovery if it had not commenced with a terrific explosion. On that, Henry was politely but firmly requested to take himself, and his retorts and crucibles, elsewhere; so he went to Hemming's Row. There, as my father often told me, "the produce of my pen always 'went to pot'"—a jocular allusion to his battery cells. The olfactory organs of his landlady could have been none of the keenest, for she stood Mayhew's aerial laboratory, with its all-pervading pungent

stenches, with the greatest fortitude and resignation. Not so his friends, who mostly preferred to interview him from the street, and shout up an inquiry at the attic as to whether "Harry" was literary or scientific that day? Jerrold, whose sense of smell was assuredly the most delicate ever developed in the nostrils of mortal man, never went near his future son-in-law when those "infernal fumes" were about. Nor were these precautions altogether unreasonable, for just then my father had started a hobby that ended only with his life—the artificial production of diamonds—and whilst in Hemming's Row he was mainly concerned with the electrical decomposition of bi-sulphide of carbon. To the uninitiated this may sound innocent enough, but to the experienced chemist it will speak—or rather smell—volumes.

But diamond-making, I hear the testy reader exclaim, what on earth has that to do with the foundation of *Punch*?

Let us see. Messrs. Landells and Last's periodical, *The Cosmorama*, as I have shown, had come to an end, and with it a considerable slice of the income Mayhew was enjoying as its constant contributor. Of course there was

a gigantic fortune in the diamonds—when they were made. But on the principle of money making money, gold was required before carbon could be crystallized. It was whilst my father was thus cogitating ways and means in a committee of one that he bethought himself of *Cupid*, which Johnson had refused. He got his "dummy" number out, and didn't like the look of it. His sister Emily had just then sent him over, at his request, some current copies of the Paris *Charivari*, and his thoughts went back to the Rue d'Amboise, and Jerrold, Thackeray, and Barnett. Yes, a *London Charivari* was the thing, and as Last had a lovely cylinder machine lying idle through the decease of *The Cosmorama*, and as Landells' graver was not quite as busy as it might be from the same reason, why not propose the oft-discussed comic to them?

Just then there is a well-known voice from the street. It is George Hodder's, shouting up if "Harry" is literary that day? What followed I will now give in Hodder's own words as told by him in his book entitled "Memories of my Time," published by Tinsley Brothers, fifteen years ago:—

"One morning, on entering his sitting-room, I found Mayhew in high glee (although his spirits were seldom at a low ebb), and I instinctively came to the conclusion that, as he was constantly bent on the discovery of some 'new notion,' he was now about to exhibit his creative power, under circumstances of an exceptionally propitious character. 'I've a splendid idea!' he exclaimed, with an impulsive eagerness which showed that he had been anxiously wishing for the opportunity of opening his mind upon the subject. 'What, *another*?' I exclaimed; 'delighted to hear it! What is it?'—or words to that effect. 'A new comic periodical,' said Mayhew. 'You know the French *Charivari*, don't you?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Well, my idea is to start a similar thing, called *Punch; or, the London Charivari*.' 'Good!' said I; and we forthwith proceeded to draw up a list of names of artists and contributors, whom Mayhew suggested should be asked to associate themselves with the undertaking. The name of Gilbert A'Beckett (an old friend and *collaborateur* of Mayhew in his works of a humorous and satirical character) was the first on the list, and then followed those

of Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon (with whom Henry Mayhew was then in daily communication), Sterling Coyne, W. H. Wills, H. P. Grattan, and others. Suddenly, he or I, or both (but it is by no means material to the issue, as the lawyers have it), remarked that there was a clever fellow rejoicing in the *nom de plume* of 'Paul Prendergast,' who had recently shown much force of humour in the 'Comic Latin Grammar,' and who was then engaged in writing the 'Comic English Grammar.' To ascertain his baptismal name was the first step necessary; and we soon found it to be Percival Leigh, and that he was living in Chapel Place, Oxford Street.

"It was arranged that Mayhew should write to Douglas Jerrold, and that I should assist him in obtaining the co-operation of the chosen writers and artists to whom we could ensure easy access; but, above all, I was to seek out 'Paul Prendergast' and offer him such terms as might tempt him to enrol his name among the contributors. I had no difficulty in seeing him (though he was busily occupied at his desk at the time), and on my telling him the object of my mission, he very prudently said, he had

certain scruples about embarking in a publication without knowing something of its characteristics, and that he should be glad to have an opportunity of glancing at a copy before he could undertake to write for it. It could not be disputed that this somewhat uncommon piece of caution was perfectly reasonable; but when I took my departure I felt fully assured in my own mind that, as Mr. Leigh's reputation was yet to be established, and as his literary capacity appeared especially to indicate a quaintness of humour which must find a convenient outlook for its expression, his name would ere long be included amongst the adherents to *Punch*. Meanwhile, he conferred with his friend, John Leech, who had illustrated his 'Comic Latin Grammar,' and the result was that 'Paul Prendergast' and John Leech made their joint obeisance to Mr. Punch in the fourth number of his work, in an article called 'Foreign Affairs,' the letter-press by the former, and the pictorial design (representing types of Continental character, as seen in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square) by the latter."

Matters, however, did not progress toward the publication of No. 1 of *Punch* as rapidly as

above narrated. A more sanguine man than my father never breathed, and in his arrangements with Hodder he appears to have taken everything for granted, although the scheme had not as yet been even breathed to Messrs. Landells and Last; for when the latter gentlemen agreed to enter into the speculation, Mayhew had removed to Clement's Inn. Harry Baylis used to tell a quaint story concerning the reason for this removal. Baylis called at Hemming's Row on one of Mayhew's "scientific days." He stopped in the passage, as one of his senses told him that an ascent of the stairs would spell probable asphyxiation from noxious gases. He was scribbling a hurried note to the "alchemist" above, when a female voice from the bowels of the earth shouted up, "h'Annie, h'Annie, where's my stoo-pan?" "Top floor, mum," replies h'Annie from above to the landlady below, "Mr. Mayhew's got it a-making diamonds in it!" It was a copper stew-pan, highly prized, and when it was retrieved by the landlady its pristine glories had permanently departed under the corrosive influences of "those infernal fumes." As there didn't happen to be any

diamonds in the "stoo-pan" to compensate the worthy lady for the destruction of her property, a few words ensued between landlady and lodger, and Mr. Mayhew left.

CHAPTER VI.

THE "SHAKESPEARE'S HEAD."

IN Clement's Inn, a pleasant verdant spot, then approached by a curious old archway long since demolished to make way for the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand, the egg so long in incubation was really hatched. My father was delighted at his change of "diggings," as it was close to Wych Street, and in Wych Street—at the "Shakespeare's Head"—was Mark Lemon. The house was kept by Mark's mother, and as at the "Wrekin," so at the "Shakespeare's Head," an ordinary was a daily feature of the management. Mark Lemon, although originally only a brewer's clerk, had literary aspirations, and my father, who made his acquaintance at the tavern which he, Mark Lemon, managed for his mother, took a great fancy to the young gentleman, whom the author of "A

Word with Mr. Punch" afterwards scarified as "the literary potman." The late Mr. H. P. Grattan (or rather Mr. Henry Plunkett, to use his proper name, for "Grattan" was only his *nom de theatre*) left me a pen and inkling of the "Shakespeare's Head" before he died on the Christmas Day of 1890. "The bar counter," writes Grattan, "was furnished with what I think were technically known as 'four pulls,' issuing from and adorning something that looked like half a large mahogany cheese. The shelves behind the counter were garnished with plethoric miniature barrels variously inscribed with golden letters—'Rum,' 'Brandy,' 'Old Tom,' 'Spruce,' 'Peppermint,' and 'Shrub.' The barman was as unassuming as the bar. A small, civil, but tolerably wide-awake son of what Charles Phillips described as 'the first gem of the ocean,' and Dion Boucicault as 'the most distressful country.' Pat—that was the only name I knew Mark Lemon's Ganymede by—not only attended behind the bar, but carried the trays well-filled with brandies, whiskies, rums, and gins, 'hot with' and 'cold without,' to the various *guests* (M. L. preferred that name to *customers*) who assembled in the

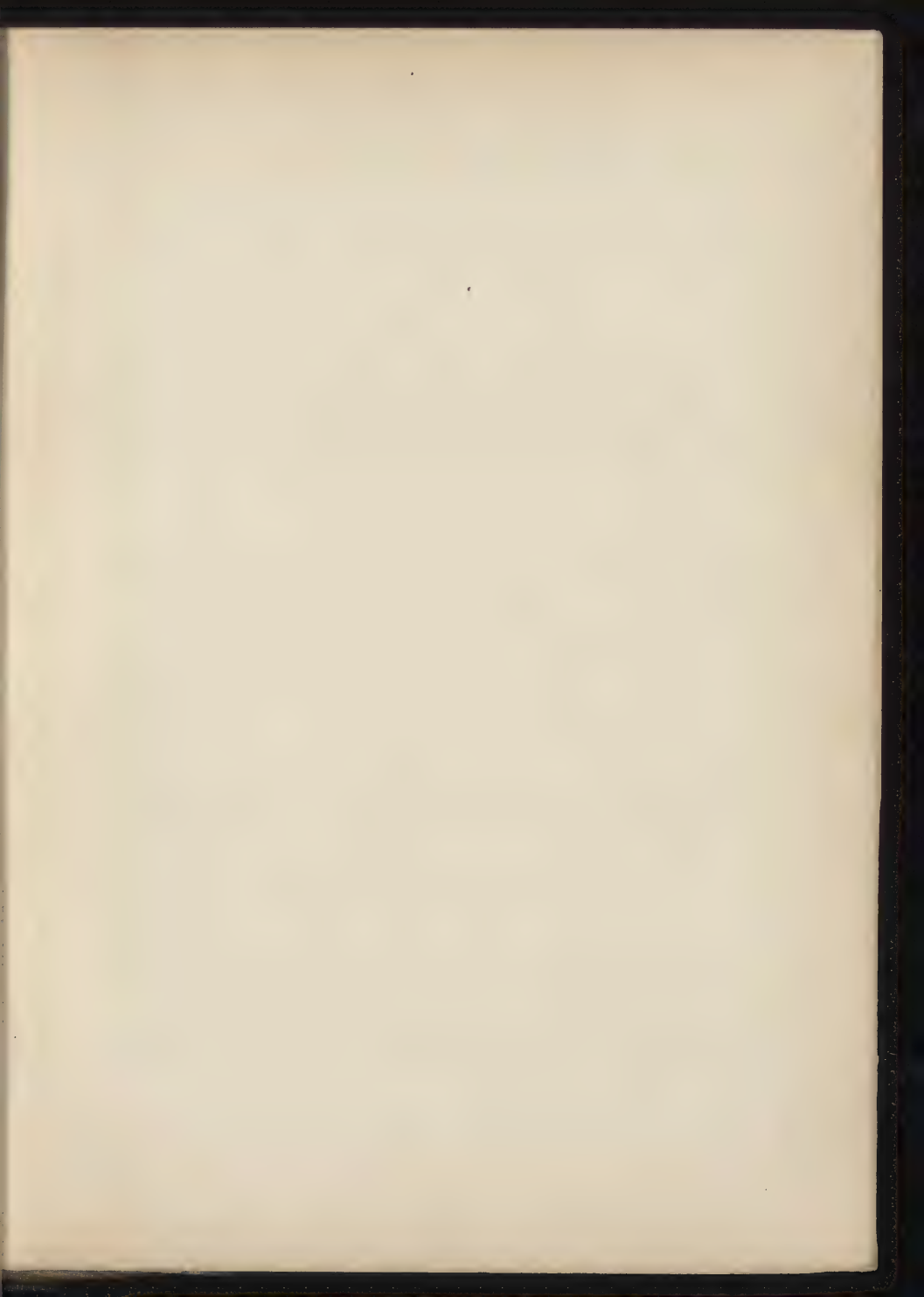
large upstairs room in which the ordinary was held. In this room," continues Grattan, "it was first proposed to start a weekly paper to be called *Pen and Palette*, a title which, at the suggestion of Henry Mayhew, was given up for that of *Punch*; or, *the London Charivari*."

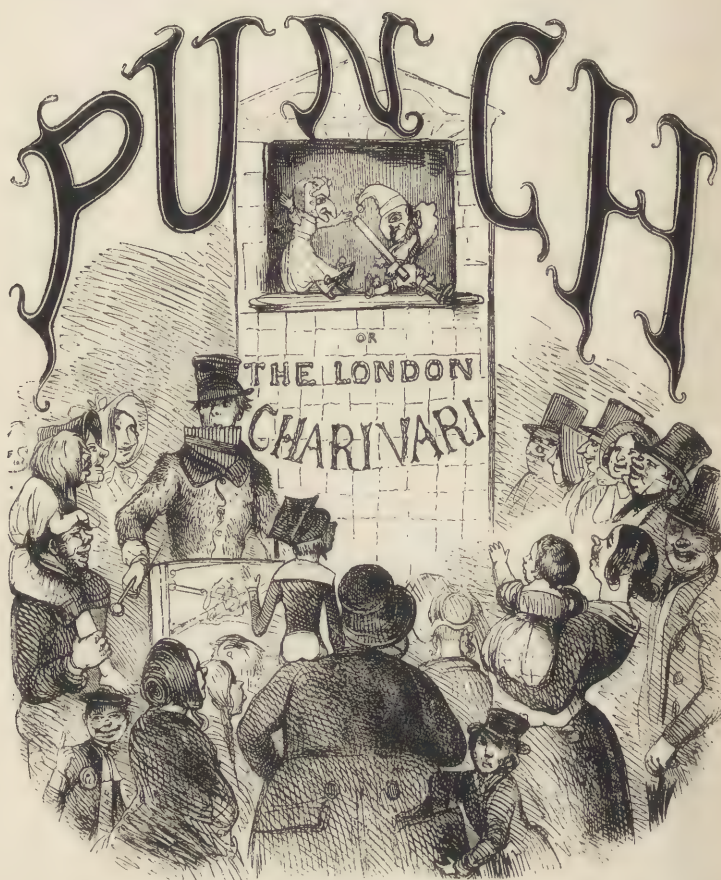
But although Henry Mayhew had thought of the name of *Punch* in Hemming's Row, as Hodder tells us, I know my father was at one time adverse to the title, as likely to give offence to Jerrold, who, the reader will remember, had started a *Punch in London* as far back as 1832. The paper, published by Duncombe, of Middle Row, Holborn, was but a short-lived affair of a few weeks, but none the less *Punch* had been Jerrold's notion, and Mayhew for this reason preferred *Fun*, or even *The Funny Dog*, to a second-hand sobriquet. But Mayhew was ultimately overruled by Last and Landells, and, Jerrold's consent being readily obtained, *Punch* the new comic was called, always of course with my father's pet sub-title, *The London Charivari*. With regard to the *Pen and Palette* idea, Grattan has left me some curious information. This was to have been supported by contributions from

the frequenters of the "Shakespeare," among whom Henry Mayhew, Sterling Coyne, W. H. Wills, Harry Baylis, and Henry Grattan were the first to embrace the suggestion—its pages being considered open to as much more available talent as could be secured. It was agreed that each contributor should submit his communications under any fictitious signature he might think proper to adopt, such signature being unknown to the reading committee appointed to receive or reject the proffered articles. A box, made after the manner of a large money-box, with an aperture in the lid for the reception of the contributions, was placed in a room, to which all frequenters of the "Shakespeare" had free access. This was the depository for the matter intended to enrich the pages of the *Pen and Palette*. The key of this safe of the Muses was in the custody of Mr. Lemon; and an arrangement was made, that once a week (on each Tuesday if I remember rightly) a general meeting of the parties interested should be held, to whom the papers should be read (Mr. Lemon officiating as reader), and their respective fates decided—by the majority of the hearers. Those accepted

were put away for future publication; the rejected relegated to a drawer, endorsed with the adopted and fictitious name of the writer, who thus escaped any feeling of mortification from being known as one of the unsuccessful. For some few meetings all went on flourishingly—everyone connected with the intended experiment seemed to enter heart and pen into the spirit of the undertaking; but time soon wore off the allurements of novelty. The reader became less energetic, the listeners more drowsy and less critical, and the contributors more redolent of excuses than essays—adjournments to the general room were moved and carried with equal expedition; in short, the scheme fell through.

Mr. Punch's prospectus, however, was not, as common rumour reported, drafted in a tavern. It was concocted in my father's chambers in Clement's Inn, and was the dictation of Henry Mayhew to Mark Lemon, and, of course, the printer's "copy" for it was throughout in the handwriting of the latter. At the time of the practical inception of *Punch* Mark Lemon had left the "Shakespeare's Head," and was living in Newcastle Street, Strand. Nor was





the agreement for a partnership in *Punch*, between Messrs. Mayhew, Last and Landells, drawn up at the Crown Tavern in Vinegar Yard, as some have held. It was, on the contrary, a formal and precise instrument, drafted by Mr. Edward Lowther (who is still living) in his capacity as articulated clerk to Messrs. Mayhew, Johnston, and Mayhew, solicitors, then of 26, Carey Street. By this agreement Mayhew was to be responsible for the literature, Last for the printing and Landells for the art and engraving. The arrangements once concluded appear to have been vigorously carried out, for the first number of *Punch*; or, *the London Charivari*, appeared within a month of the legal settlements—on the 17th of July, 1841. The pictorial wrapper was designed by Archibald Henning, who also furnished the "cartoon" or whole-page illustration at first called "Punch's Pencillings." The minor sketches scattered throughout the columns of No. 1 were by Newman and Brine. The principal literary contributions were by Henry Mayhew, Mark Lemon, Gilbert A'Beckett, Sterling Coyne, W. H. Wills, H. P. Grattan, Frederick Guest Tomlins, and Joseph Allen.

The "Moral of *Punch*" was written by Lemon; "A Conversation Between Two Hackney-Coach Horses" was by my father; "Commercial Intelligence" was Gilbert A'Beckett's; "The Professional Singer" was Grattan's; "A Synopsis of Voting," Henry Mayhew and Tomlins; and "The Introduction of Pantomime into the English Language," Henry Mayhew. W. H. Wills, Sterling Coyne, Joseph Allen, and Henry Baylis also contributed short articles and "pars" to No. 1.

BOOK II.—LADLING IT OUT.

CHAPTER I.

MR. PUNCH'S EARLY ARTISTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

THE curious collector of ephemeral literature may or may not have in his possession a little red-covered work entitled "Mr. Punch : His Origin and Career. With a Fac-simile of his MS. Prospectus in the handwriting of Mark Lemon." Like the many histories of *Punch* already published, this *brochure* (the work of the late Sydney Blanchard, who at one time slyly negotiated the production of a *Comic Punch*) is full of facts and fiction. Many of the facts were inspired by Mr. Joseph Last ; the fiction was Sydney Blanchard's. In this booklet Henry Mayhew and Mark Lemon are described as co-editors. This is wrong. Until *Punch* was parted with to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, Mark Lemon was only *assistant* editor, though there were really

two editors, as will be seen by a reference to the last line of the printed prospectus. *Punch's* original editors were Henry Mayhew and Ebenezer Landells. The first was responsible for the literature, the second for the art. At the outset there had been a battle-royal between my father and dear old "Daddy" Landells, as we all called him, on the subject of the cartoon, or "*Punch's* Pencilings" as the whole-page blocks were at first styled. Mayhew insisted on a large weekly pictorial political squib. Landells was for a lot of little "coots," as he pronounced them in his broad Northumbrian dialect. Mayhew stood out for a big block; Landells was for a flight of thumb-nail sketches throughout the pages. Last, too, was nervous about a political cartoon; nor was his anxiety assuaged by Mayhew telling him that, as printer of the paper, "the handcuff and fetters department" would be his. Ultimately my father had his way, and a whole page block became the weekly feature of *Punch*. But for this, there would probably have been no Leech in Number Four. Mr. Kitton, in his admirable biographical sketch of this prince of pictorial humorists, says:

“Leech's first contribution appeared on the 7th August, 1841. It seems to be the only effort of his pencil in the first half-yearly volume of *Punch*, nor did he contribute many designs to the second volume—apparently not more than half-a-dozen. The first sketch is entitled ‘Foreign Affairs,’ and is a pretty accurate representation of such foreigners as may be seen any day in London. In it there was a considerable number of heads and faces of French and German scamps, such as take refuge in the great metropolis. The drawing was skilfully made, and the artist had forcibly delineated their knavish and grimy characteristics. ‘Lest this application of the lash, however, should seem British prejudice, the reader was warned by a foot-note that these *affairs* must not be considered as representatives of foreign *gentlemen*. In the centre of the page is a scroll bearing the title, and the now familiar signature of a wriggling leech in a bottle. What, however, is most remarkable about the sketch is that it at once sent down the circulation of *Punch*. It is an odd thing to say that he, who afterwards became the most conspicuous and most attractive contributor to this print,

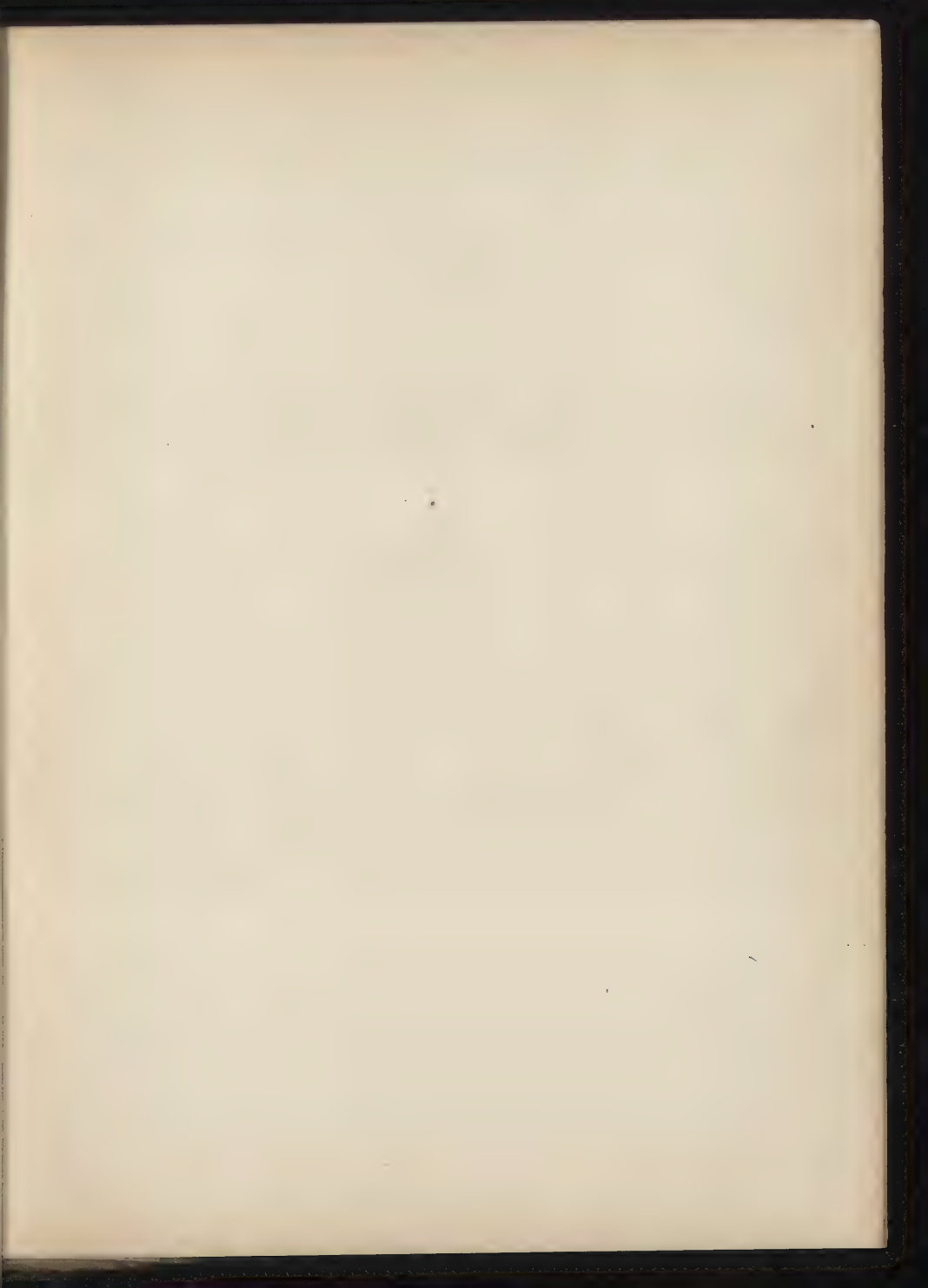
should have damaged its sale on his first connection with it. But the injury was effected in this wise: the process had not then been discovered of dividing a wood-block into parts, and giving them to several hands to engrave simultaneously. The artist drew upon an entire block, which could not be taken to pieces, and only one engraver could work upon it at a time. Such blocks, therefore, if they were of considerable size, took a long time to cut; and Leech's first drawing for *Punch*, as it filled a whole page, was not ready for publication on the appointed day. But the fact itself has its interest as suggesting one of the causes that conduced to Leech's great success. The perfecting of the means of speedily reproducing the artist's work on wood (affected by the division of the block as just described) came in the very nick of time to help him on, by insuring that rapidity of publication which was to him a great encouragement and to the public an inestimable boon. It insured freshness and novelty. The whim or fashion of the day might be seen pictured by him even before the public began to notice it much in real life, and the droll story that belonged to the froth and spray

of the passing wave had not time to become stale before it made matter for a sketch and might be seen in *Punch's* Gallery. In this connection it should be remembered that if Leech did great things for *Punch*, that periodical gave him a great opportunity, such as no artist before him had enjoyed, and which he alone was able to seize."

An important accession to the pictorial strength of "Mr. Punch" was realized in the introduction of Mr. H. G. Hine, who made his *entrée* in the pages of that periodical in the month of September following the date of its commencement. Mr. Hine had been known to Landells through his illustrations to the *Cosmorama* and other publications; and although he was professedly a landscape-painter, and had no more experience of drawing on the wood than a staunch teetotaller has of drawing wine from it, he was at once thrust into a prominent position as an artistic contributor to *Punch's* columns. His chief speciality consisted in the grotesque ideas which he developed, with much facility, in the small cuts; but he soon proved himself capable of greater things, and it is not a little remarkable that he executed the whole of

the illustrations to *Punch's* first Almanack, with the exception of the border pieces, which were the work of Hablot Browne. It was not very long, however, before Mr. Hine abandoned the work of a comic artist for the more congenial pursuit of water-colour painting, to which he originally intended to devote his talents. Until his death, which occurred as recently as March in the present year at the ripe age of eighty, Mr. Hine was Vice-President of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours—his charming rendering of sea-scented downs and breezy pasturages, dotted with sheep, and relieved by little villages which would seem to have dropped into pleasant valleys designed expressly to receive them, being invariably among the chief attractions of its annual exhibitions.

Mr. Birket Foster, another recently departed "knight of the brush" rather than of the pencil, also made certain contributions—though not many—to the early numbers of *Punch*; but they were of a character which showed him to be eminently unfitted for the task of delineating facetiæ. He was, however, a pupil of Landells at the time, and it was natural that the latter should test his qualities by every means at his



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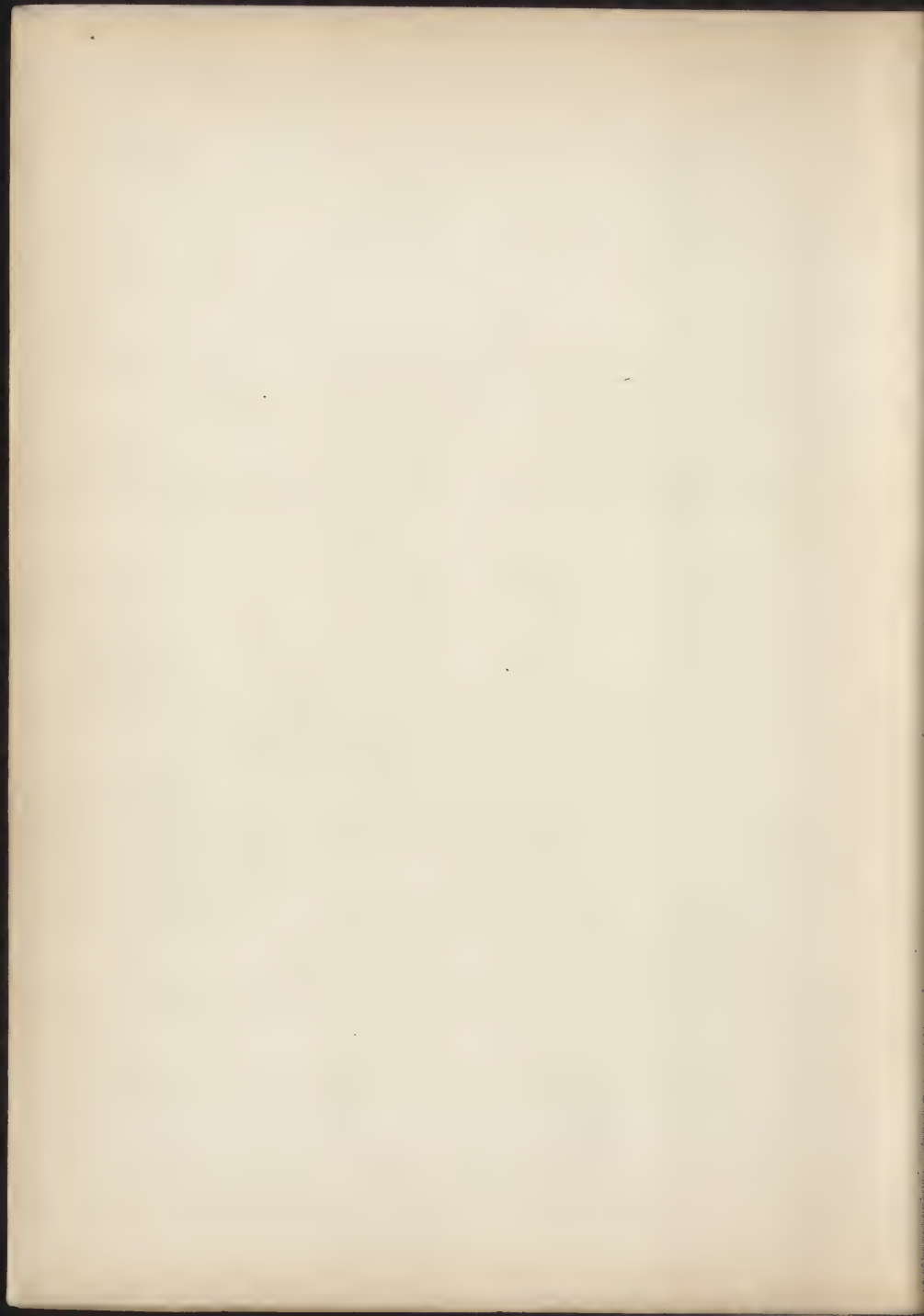
AGENTS.

<p>SCOTLAND: J. Munies, Edinburgh; and John M'Leod, Argyll street, Glasgow. IRELAND: W. CURRY, Junr., & Co. LIVERPOOL: Waring Webb, Challis street, BLACKBURN, Simms & Dobson, and Abel Heywood.</p>	<p>BIRMINGHAM, WRIGHTON & Webb; BARNUM, May Bingham; DUFF, G. Thompson, SCOTTS, Jarrold & Sons, FRANKFORD, G. Bateman; WARRINGTON, Illingworth & Hicks.</p>
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Boulton & Evans.

MDCCLXII.

Folger, Whitehead.



command ; but Mr. Foster did not suffer many years to elapse ere his name became famous in a very different branch of art to that which *Punch* would have marked out for him, and I have referred to him in this place merely by way of showing the diversity of artists whose works have ornamented the pages of the favourite periodical. Among the earlier illustrators, besides those already mentioned, were Alfred Crowquill, Newman, Lee, Hamerton, John Gilbert, William Harvey, and Kenny Meadows. The first frontispiece, as I have stated, was by Archibald Henning ; the second was by Harvey ; the third by Gilbert ; the fourth by Meadows—the practice during the first few years of *Punch's* existence being to commence a new wrapper with each succeeding volume ; until at length Richard Doyle appeared upon the scene, and it was thought that the grotesque, yet graceful, contribution which he supplied was far too good to be thrown aside at the expiration of six months. The proprietors of the work, therefore, very wisely caused Mr. Doyle's frontispiece to be electrotyped, and it now remains, with certain modifications, the permanent tableau on the outer covering of *Punch*.

"In the early stages of Mr. Punch's career," says Mr. Hodder in his "Memories," "he gave encouragement to artists who evinced no qualifications for humorous art; but the frequent changes he made led to a state of things which showed that he was only desirous to place the right man in the right place. It certainly could not be said that William Harvey, the graceful and poetical illustrator of 'Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare,' was ever intended for a *Punch* artist; and as to John Gilbert (also an able illustrator of the great poet), so impressed was Douglas Jerrold with the solid character of his academic forms and imposing outlines, that he exclaimed, 'We don't want Rubens on *Punch*!' When Mr. Tenniel first associated himself with the popular periodical, it was generally thought that his abilities were of too classic an order for the duty he had undertaken; for it will be remembered that this gentleman executed one of the cartoons for the Houses of Parliament (an allegory of Justice), which gained a prize at the exhibition in Westminster Hall; and that he once represented on the walls of the Royal Academy a striking picture of 'Adam and Eve in Paradise.' Such un-'*Punch*'-like subjects

as these, and such un-Leech-like treatment as they required and received, were by no means suggestive of comicality in the artist; but Mr. Tenniel had too much confidence in the pictorial strength he possessed to feel that he need limit himself to a particular sphere; and hence he persevered with his pencil, until in time he became inoculated, as it were, with a sense of humour which has not been subordinate to, but has served to stimulate, his graphic powers. It may be remarked that Mr. Tenniel's introduction to *Punch* was in consequence of Mr. Doyle's withdrawal from the scene of his many successes; and it is no secret to state that, by the course adopted by the latter, he sacrificed a handsome income rather than remain attached to a publication which had satirized the religion he professed."

In connection with the above, it should be borne in mind that the early artistic staff was selected with a view to the employment of men who were thinkers as well as draughtsmen, and of those enumerated nearly all had brains at the back of their pencils. The best of them were trained in the school of pictorial thought that Hogarth founded and George Cruikshank

lived for and maintained with such boundless resource and amazing facility. They were not content to let mere deftness of drawing stand for humorous art—to depict only well-dressed men and women confronting one another as fashion-plate adjuncts to "cut lines" requiring no artistic aid for either extra point or added emphasis. On the contrary, theirs was the province to give pith to such literary conceits and verbal pranks as alone could be aided by graphic suggestion.

Granted that in this respect the worst draughtsmen generally proved the most thoughtful illustrators, yet it was then held that even the hasty and crude outlines of Tom Hood were nearer the requirements of true comic art than the elaborate magnificence of John Gilbert's drawings. Hence Jerrold's exclamation—"We don't want Rubens on '*Punch*.'"
And hence, also, the high favour with which such an excruciating mannerist as Kenny Meadows was regarded by the literary staff; for stiff and unnatural as he always was, his hand was essentially valuable to *Punch*, for the thoughtfulness of his designs—as exemplified, for instance, in "*Punch's* Letters to his Son," "*Punch's* Com-

plete Letter Writer," and many blocks which were intended to portray something more than a burlesque view of a current event or a popular abuse. The quiet, unostentatious way in which he worked at his art, too often under the most adverse and discouraging circumstances, and the pride he displayed when he felt that he had made a "happy hit," was somewhat like the enthusiasm of a youth who had just attained the honour of a prize. As a draughtsman, he never cared to be guided by those practical laws which regulate the academic exercise of the pictorial art; for he contended that too strict an adherence to Nature only trammelled him, and he preferred relying upon the thought conveyed in his illustrations, rather than upon the mechanical correctness of his outline or perspective. Among the many ideas on which he congratulated himself, he often alluded to his design illustrating the blessings of peace, which he typified by placing a butterfly at the mouth of a cannon. This he rejoiced to think had preceded Sir Edwin Landseer's picture of "Peace," in which the distinguished Royal Academician represented a lamb in the same position that Meadows had given to the butter-

fly. It is hardly to be supposed that Sir Edwin Landseer borrowed his notion from that of Kenny Meadows; but the latter, not unnaturally, considered there was presumptive evidence in favour of the supposition.

The "adverse and discouraging circumstances" I just now alluded to were for many years a part and parcel of poor Kenny Meadows' existence, yet he bore them with a philosophic humour that cannot be better illustrated than by the following anecdote:—

Kenny's favourite "house of call," as taverns were then dubbed, was the "Sols Arms," in the Hampstead Road. It was conveniently adjacent to his residence, and business had often been combined by him with pleasure in its snug and well-patronized smoking-room. For in those pre-photographic times the portrait-painter was in considerable demand, though the prices obtained for a "kit-cat," or even a "half-length," ruled generally as low as the production in its relationship to "high" art—five pounds being a "stiffish figure" for the average "family portrait" of the period. Now Kenny Meadows was not only a rapid draughtsman on wood, but a facile and flattering por-

trait-painter, his ladies in particular being all represented as almond-eyed houris with a luxuriance of glossy curls and a suspicious brilliancy of complexion. It was after this fashion that the portrait of the landlady leered down on her guests from above the mantel-piece in the smoking-room of the "Sols Arms." The work was, of course, from Kenny Meadows' easel, and was greatly admired by customers "using the house," but more especially by a butcher who was greatly struck, not only with the freshness of the colouring, but the realism with which a frying-pan brooch and several fathoms of gold chain were shown reposing on the black satin bosom of the fair hostess. To this butcher Kenny owed a bill and a grudge, on account of threatened legal proceedings on the part of the purveyor of meat for the recovery of the value of sundry "legs," "shoulders," and "sirloins" supplied. Matters had arrived at a deadlock between the pair of them when one evening the butcher mellowed under the influence of his toddy and magnanimously proposed to Meadows that he should "paint out his bill." The bargain was struck, the subject being the

butcher's wife, who came the following day for a sitting to Kenny's studio. Her "get up" for the occasion was as nearly as possible a reproduction of the apparel and garniture of the landlady of the "Sols Arms," only that to a spick and span black satin dress she had added such a prolific magnificence of jewellery as could only be displayed on a lady of the most ample proportions. Meadows gave her one sitting and sent the portrait home, but without a solitary indication of the adornments with which the butcher's wife had loaded her tremendous breadth of chest. Remonstrance followed as a matter of course; but Meadows calmly replied to these that his agreement was to paint a butcher's wife and not a jeweller's shop. That he had done, but the trinkets would be extras.

Ultimately another bargain had to be struck, by which Kenny Meadows agreed to paint into the picture a gorgeous brooch in exchange for so many ribs of beef, a given number of legs of mutton as the equivalent for so many lengths of chain, and countless chops and steaks as the artistic value of a watch which the lady had displayed openly on her bosom. In the intro-

duction of this blazonry, however, the artist's hand lost its accustomed facility, for so slowly did he work that, in Kenny Meadow's own words, he had "the run of his teeth" in that butcher's shop for some weeks before the "kit-cat" was completed.

So much for a brief glimpse of Mr. Punch's early artists. Of his contributors I will now give my readers a peep, as afforded by the late H. P. Grattan, who left me a manuscript interview originally intended, I believe, for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but never published until now :—

"You are not speaking from hearsay, but from your own personal knowledge, when you assert that the late Mr. Henry Mayhew was the original founder and editor of the London *Punch*?"

"From my own personal knowledge."

"Who, according to the best of your recollection, may fairly be said to have constituted the original staff of *Punch*?"

"Mayhew, Gilbert A'Beckett, Stirling Coyne, Henry Wills, George Hodder, Mark Lemon, myself, and Douglas Jerrold. I don't mean to say there were no other *contributors*, but I

think the above will be found a correct list of the staff. Mayhew, A'Beckett, Stirling Coyne, and Wills had all positions of more or less importance as contributors to the light literature of the day. The others, more especially Mark Lemon and myself, were mere beginners."

"Whose articles do you consider, when *Punch* was first started, were most acceptable to the readers?"

"Gilbert A'Beckett's, who had established a reputation as a comic writer when joint editor with Henry Mayhew of *Figaro*, a weekly paper which had been successfully carried on for some years, and from which I am quite sure a large amount of the facetiæ had been transferred to the pages of the early numbers of *Punch*."

"What, in your opinion, was A'Beckett's special peculiarity?"

"There is an old saying that 'there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous,' and no writer could make his victims appear to have taken that one step more humorously. No matter what their position, the world's daws never had a more merciless stripper off of their

furtively-obtained peacock's plumes than Gilbert A'Beckett.

"While others might be enjoying the bright and varying effects produced by turning the world's kaleidoscope, he was mentally reverting to first principles, and thinking with a sneer of the contemptible and worthless bits of glass which a chance position had invested with such reflected beauty. It has been said, 'The wisdom's in the wig.' Let A'Beckett see an opportunity of finding one fault with the wig, and had that same wig been on the head of a second Solon, he would so torture and twist it as to make the sage appear a part and parcel of the absurdity. He looked on externals as an apothecary's apprentice does on the gold leaf with which he gilds his master's pills—merely as a flimsy and fallacious cheat, inducing the entrapped swallower to gulp down so much nastiness under absurdly false pretences.

"Things the very antipodes of the humorous became, under his handling, imbued with fun, and 'meet food for mirth.' Among the answers to correspondents in the first volume of *Punch* will be found the following to a would-be contributor, who wrote thusly :—

" ' I think I could also furnish you with some *original articles on law subjects*, which might either be in your own light and witty style, or *really solid law*, which might season *our* fun with real sound useful learning. I should expect only a trifling remuneration for them at first, till we saw *how they took*, though I have no doubt of their success.—I am, Sir,

' A LAWYER'S CLERK.'

" ANSWER.

" ' If this gentleman can convert *solid law* into a joke, he is a much cleverer man than Mr. Sloman, of Cursitor Street ' (a well-known Sheriff's Officer of the period), ' who *serves* us with all our legal articles, and we generally find them very *taking* in his hands. Were this " Lawyer's Clerk " able to furnish us with a Coke or a jocular Blackstone, we should be happy to hear from him. Could he conveniently convert " Fern on Remainders " into Hudibrastic verse, or give us a few epigrams from " Littleton's " ? '

" The idea of making a work like Blackstone's Commentaries comic, seemed about as absurd as would have been an attempt to pick

one's teeth with the Monument, or use St. Paul's as a chimney ornament. Yet a few months after, A'Beckett gave to the world his much-read and much-laughed-at version of that driest of all dry books. This was soon followed by another book in the same vein, 'The Comic History of England,' which met with equal success."

"How did A'Beckett rank as a dramatist?"

"Highly! I never heard of a play of his failing. His knowledge of stage effect was considerable, and though the first to point out and laugh at forced situations when used by others, he had no scruple in availing himself of unexpected incidents and 'startling' effects.

"Some fifty odd years ago I found myself, in company with many other fast young men of the period, a member of Her Majesty's 'Fleet,' where, as the occupant of Number 4, Coffee Gallery, my time passed—making allowances for the want of liberty—pleasantly enough in the companionship of some of the best fellows one would wish to meet, conspicuous amongst whom, as a splendid specimen of muscular manhood, was Frederick Villebois, and, in striking contrast to that young Hercules, dear,

kind, and I regret to say dying, Doctor Maginn, with whom I had many and many a never-to-be-forgotten conversation during the quiet hours of the undisturbed night. I can fancy I see his clear blue eyes lighting up his pale face, hear the low sweet tones of his musical voice, rendered sweeter to me by the ever-welcome accent of dear old Ireland, and feel the gentle pressure of his thin, white, wasted hand, the nails, bitten to the quick, giving painful proof of many an hour's silently-endured sorrow and secret suffering ; for, notwithstanding Doctor Maginn's proud pre-eminence as a scholar and brilliant literary reputation, his life, as what may be fairly described a 'galley slave of the pen,' had been far from a prosperous or happy one.

"Previous to my temporary seclusion from the perils of the streets, I had, under the auspices of Henry Mayhew, the originator of the London *Punch*, been a contributor to that then struggling, but since marvellously successful, publication, and a day rarely passed in which he did not give me a look in for a friendly chat.

"The same sort of freemasonry that universally prevails in barracks and on board ship

existed in what were facetiously called the '*spike hotels*' of the period. *Caste* was as rigorously observed inside as outside Her Majesty's 'Fleet.' The set among whom my lot was *caste* (is that a joke?) consisted of Lionel Goldsmid, Doctor Maginn, and Frederick Villebois. The latter young gentleman having outrun the constable to the tune of, I believe, some thousands, was, by way of giving him a lesson for the future, left for a few weeks, with the detainers at the gate against him. I need scarcely say he fared sumptuously, and that I was also a sharer in the good things supplied with an unsparing hand by his generous and genial brother, to whom Mayhew and myself were introduced by 'Fred.'

"One day, after rather a tough game at racquets with a Captain Tolfrey, who was considered the best gentleman player in the place, I was called off the ground by Henry Mayhew, who hurried me up to my quarters (4, Coffee Gallery) and told me he had an idea which he thought would pluck *Punch* out of the Slough of Despond in which that hard-struggling publication was fast sinking. It was to issue a '*Punch's* Comic Almanac,' with humorous

cuts, and a joke for every day in the year ; and he further told me the special object of his visit was to ask me to join him in the work.

"I was willing enough, but the difficulty cropped up which had occurred to Mahomet and the mountain—as the said mountain could not go to the said Mahomet, why, the said Mahomet had to go to the said mountain. On the same principle, as I could not go to Mayhew, why, Mayhew had to come to me. But how ? That was the question. It was against the rule for any person, not having a legal right, to sleep in Her Majesty's establishment ; but, and not for the first time, the rights of the Crown were superseded by half-crowns properly and judiciously administered to the turnkey on duty, and for seven days and nights Mayhew was a voluntary prisoner ; and during that festive period the *first Punch* 'Almanac' was begun and finished by both of us. I say *festive* period because, though the work was hard, the labour was lightened by the ever-welcome presence and hearty encouragement of Frederick Villebois, and through the day that of the glorious 'Squire,' to whose thoughtful liberality Mayhew and myself were indebted

for such epicurean and liberally-packed hampers, stored with viands and wines of the choicest description, as would have driven the genii of the 'Arabian Nights' to madness and despair had they, under the influence of all the magic lamps and rings that ever did or did not exist, been called upon to equal them. Many and many a time since then, when we have been speaking of the late Squire's generous hospitality, has Mayhew said to me, 'How little do the public know how much they are indebted for what they call the good things that come out of our mouths to the good things that prince of good fellows, Squire Henry Villebois, puts into them.'

"There has been more nonsense written about the 'origin of *Punch*' than even about Shakespeare. The sale of the work *before* the appearance of the 'Almanac' was barely seven thousand a week. The sales of the first *Punch* 'Almanac' reached the enormous total of one hundred and fifty-two thousand, and it should be borne in mind, in justice to Henry Mayhew, who was the originator of *Punch* and proposer of the first comic 'Almanac,' written by him and myself, who was but

'A glad second to an abler principal,'

that the publication was on the high road to fortune *before* any of the great guns of literature, who, when they saw it was an established success, joined its then well-paid staff, ever wrote a line for it, with, I believe, the solitary exception of Douglas Jerrold, who contributed several articles previous to the appearance of the 'Almanac,' which was the foundation-stone of the fortunes of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, and but for which neither the past nor present editor would have received one shilling of the handsome income paid them for the comparatively easy task of conducting—not a struggling—but pre-eminently prosperous periodical."

CHAPTER II.

SOME SYMPOSIA.

AT the beginning of the "Frolicsome Forties" a solitary comic paper in London was held to be one too many to live; and innumerable were the head-shakes symbolical of speedy dissolution that ushered in the birth of "Mr. Punch." In my father's own words, "The customary group of croakers surrounded the place in which the little hunchback first saw the light. They gave him a short shrift—considered his conception good, but his delivery premature—and took their sapient affidavits that his circulation would never be sufficient to keep him going from week to week."

And the wet blankets had reason for the cold water they shed. Fifty-six years ago "The Taxes on Knowledge," as they were called, were in full force. There was a crushing stamp duty upon newspapers, apart from postal privi-

leges, a heavy tax upon advertisements, and a weighty Excise duty upon paper. Newspaper proprietors thus had other financial rocks ahead than mere paper-makers and printers' bills. Nor could they evade those obligations in the same daring manner that subsequently was attributed to the master-mind of Mr. Thomas Littleton Holt.¹ No; there had to be an incessant "stumping up" with the Inland Revenue authorities, although "the trade" took the same credit, and was as curious in its methods of settlement, owing to the question of "returns," as it is to-day. Moreover, in those

¹ In the "Reminiscences of an Old Bohemian," practically the autobiography of the late Dr. Strauss, I find :— "The penny newspaper stamp weighed most heavily and unfairly upon all projected newspaper ventures. Holt swore he would at least be instrumental in abolishing this iniquitous tax upon intelligence, and he kept his word. In 1854, I think, when the Crimean War was on, he started a paper called the *Army and Navy Despatch*. Boldly ignoring the law, he brought this paper out without a stamp, and defied the Inland Revenue Department. The *Army and Navy Despatch* proved a qualified success, at least. Holt incurred penalties to the handsome tune of one million seven hundred thousand pounds sterling. Had he incurred a twenty pound fine it would have ruined him; but the one million seven hundred thousand pounds aggregate fines well-nigh proved the making of the man, who coolly kept on publishing and selling his paper." The publisher of the *Army and Navy Despatch* was no less a personage than Charles Kerrison Sala, the brother of George Augustus.

days there were no Smiths or Willings, or Vickers or Heywoods, or, in fact, any great and solid distributing firms, such as the railways developed with their growth. Therefore was there a need of an abundance of ready money in order to meet Excise and other claims.

Beyond a doubt *Punch* at the start was under-capitalized. Had my father joined with Johnson, of the Nassau Press, there would have been no lack of funds wherewith to maintain the campaign. Last, however, was never strong financially, though he was an excellent printer and an unflagging worker. But the "speculation" which my father found absent from the Johnsonian optic was ever present in the restless eye of Last. By turns sanguine and despondent—now in all the ecstasy of a prospective fortune, and anon down in the dumps of impending bankruptcy—he lacked the even balance of mind that goes to make success. At the inception of *Punch* Mayhew was not aware of the singular instability of Last's character, though I don't think it would have weighed very much against the partnership, as my father was above all a sanguine man, with a temperament which was quite as mercurial as his

printer's. Landells, on the other hand, was less demonstrative, but quite as easy-going as Mayhew, but blessed with a wife who had more energy and business capacity in her chubby little finger than "Daddy" had in all the 6ft. 2in. of his grand Northumbrian physique. It was through observation of the manner in which this brisk little lady ruled her husband that Douglas Jerrold got the idea of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," perhaps the most popular series that ever appeared in the pages of *Punch*.

From this brief sketch of the three proprietors of *The London Charivari* it will be seen that the business capacity of the partnership was not overwhelmingly abundant. In its place, Hope, Faith, and Charity would have done excellently well for the colophon of the new firm that signed articles in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn. There was Hope in the cartoon, Faith in the cylinder machine, and Charity for the innumerable punsters the enterprise begot.

The white-kid gentry who when the little jester was firmly on his legs honoured him by contributing some excessively dull matter to his once lively pages, have always been exceedingly

anxious the world should know that *Punch* wasn't born in a tavern. Neither was he; for I have shown—and I challenge evidence to the contrary—that he was begotten in the Rue d'Amboise, Paris, and christened in Hemming's Row. None the less, if there had been no "Wrekin," no "Crown" in Vinegar Yard, and no "Shakespeare's Head" in Wych Street, there would have been no *Punch*, for it was from these three hostelries the first literary staff (with the exception of Percival Leigh, who could not be called an original *Punch*-man, as he only came on at No. 4) was recruited. Nor is there much to be ashamed of in this fact, seeing that in those day taverns were the club-houses of the liberal professions, and that the leading lights in Literature, Art, and Law were rather proud than otherwise to be admitted to one or more of the innumerable "closed coteries" which in the early forties had their headquarters at some favourite inn. Nor were the members of such fraternities apt to take their pleasures sadly in the days when pinchbeck gentility was unknown. Mr. Mason Jackson, the veteran art-editor of the *Illustrated London News*, gives us in his excellent articles

on "Jocular Journalism" (a pendant to his no less admirable "History of the English Illustrated Press") a picture of the "Shakespeare's Head," which is quite as vivid as the one furnished me by H. P. Grattan:—

"I am indebted to the recollections of another friend," says Mr. Jackson, "for a glimpse of the *Punch* clique at about the same period: 'Fifty years ago, when I was a young man about town, I had rather Bohemian tastes. I was partial to the society of such disreputable people as artists, authors, and actors, and I was informed by a friend that if I went on a certain night in the week to the "Shakespeare's Head," in Wych Street, I should meet with some very clever men. My friend had been there before, and offered to accompany me, though no introduction was necessary. On the appointed night we went to the "Shakespeare's Head," and in a room on the first floor we found a number of men, most of them young. I forget most of the names of those that were pointed out to me by my friend, but I remember Mark Lemon, the landlord, and Mayhew, the latter with an extraordinary mop of dark hair that sadly wanted trimming. There was a good deal of noisy

mirth and much smoke. Many bad puns were fired off, but the worse the pun the louder the laughter. Most of the company seemed to be personal friends of the landlord, and there was no restraint on their fun. Somebody suddenly jumping up to light his pipe, caused some humorous remarks, and gave rise to a jesting proposition that they should institute a club, to be called the "Jumpers." Each member on first entering the room was to "jump" in, turn round three times, and then bow to the president. Much laughter was produced by the rehearsal of this ceremony. I had the curiosity to go to the "Shakespeare's Head" on the next night of meeting to see if the "Jumping Club" was really formed, but it was apparently forgotten. There was as much noise and nonsense as before, but the fun went in another direction. These merry men evidently thought that life ought to be full of jest and jollity, and they did their level best to realize that object.' No wonder," adds Mr. Jackson, "that the congenial band of humorists who proposed to found the 'Jumping Club' thought the world could not go on without a comic paper. *Figaro* was dead, and something must be created to fill

his place. Society required amusement, and so *Punch* was founded."

As I have already said, Mark Lemon gave up his duties as mine host of the "Shakespeare's Head" immediately before the starting of the new venture; and in consequence thereof the vinous venue of *Punch's* young men was changed to the "Crown Tavern," in Vinegar Yard. There, a large room was always at the disposal of the staff, and there, too, were inaugurated those weekly symposia at which coming numbers were discussed, the impending cartoon settled, articles and those most fitted to deal with them arranged, and in fact, prospective details ventilated and defined, but in a far less formal manner than they are to-day at the *Punch* dinners. Much of the fun for which the new comic became famous was doubtless fostered at these Saturday meetings, of which Henry Baylis was, by general consent, the elected chairman. The following lines, which appeared in *Punch* in the month of January, 1843, written by Percival Leigh ("the Professor," as he was invariably called), indicate in his own peculiar "Anglo-Græco-Canino-Latinum" way, the place of meeting, the solids and fluids dis-

cussed, and the notables who invariably put in an appearance at these redoubtable gatherings.

SODALITAS PUNCHICA, SEU CLUBBUS
NOSTER.

POEMA MACARONICUM, VEL ANGLO-GRÆCO-CANINO-
LATINUM.

Sunt quidam *jolly dogs*, *Saturday* qui nocte frequentant
Antiqui Στέφανον qui stat prope mœnia Druri,
Βουλόμενοι saccos cum *prog* distendere *rather*,
Indulgere jocis, necnon Baccho atque *tobacco* ;
In mundo tales non *felloes* ante fuere ;
Magnanimûm heroum celebrabo carmine laudes,
Posthac illustres ut vivant omne per ævum.

Altior ἐν Στέφανῳ locus est, *snug cosy* recessus ;
Hic *quarters* fixère suos, conclave tenent hic,
Hic dapidus cumulata gemit *mahogany* mensa.
Pascuntur variis ; *roast beef* cum *pudding of Yorkshire*
Interdum ; *sometimes* epulis queis nomen agrestes
Boiled leg of mutton and trimmings impossure.
Hic *double X* haurit, *Barclay and Perkins's* ille ;
Nec desunt mixtis qui sese potibus implent
Quos "*ofsnoff*" omnes consuescunt dicere *waiters*.

Postquam exempta fames *grubbo*, mappæque remotæ,
Pro cyathis clamant, qui *goes* sermone vocantur
Vulgari, *of whisky, rum, gin, and brandy*, sed et sunt ;
Coelicolum qui *punch* ("*erroribus absque* ") liquore
Gaudent ; et pauci vino quod præbet Oporto,
Quod certi *black-strap* dicunt *nicknomine* Graii.
Haustibus his *pipi*, communis et adjiciuntur
Shag, Reditus, Cubæ Silvæ, *Cheroots* et Havannæ.
" Festinate viri," *barwls one*, " nunc ludite verbis : "
Alter " Fœmineum Sexum " propinat, et " *Hurrah !* "
Respondent, *pot-house* concusso plausibus omni.
Nunc similes veteri versantur *winky* lepores
Omnibus, exiguus nec, Jingo teste, tumultus
Exoritur' quoniam summâ nituntur opum vi
Rivales ἄλλοι *top-sawyers* ἐμμεναι ἄλλων.

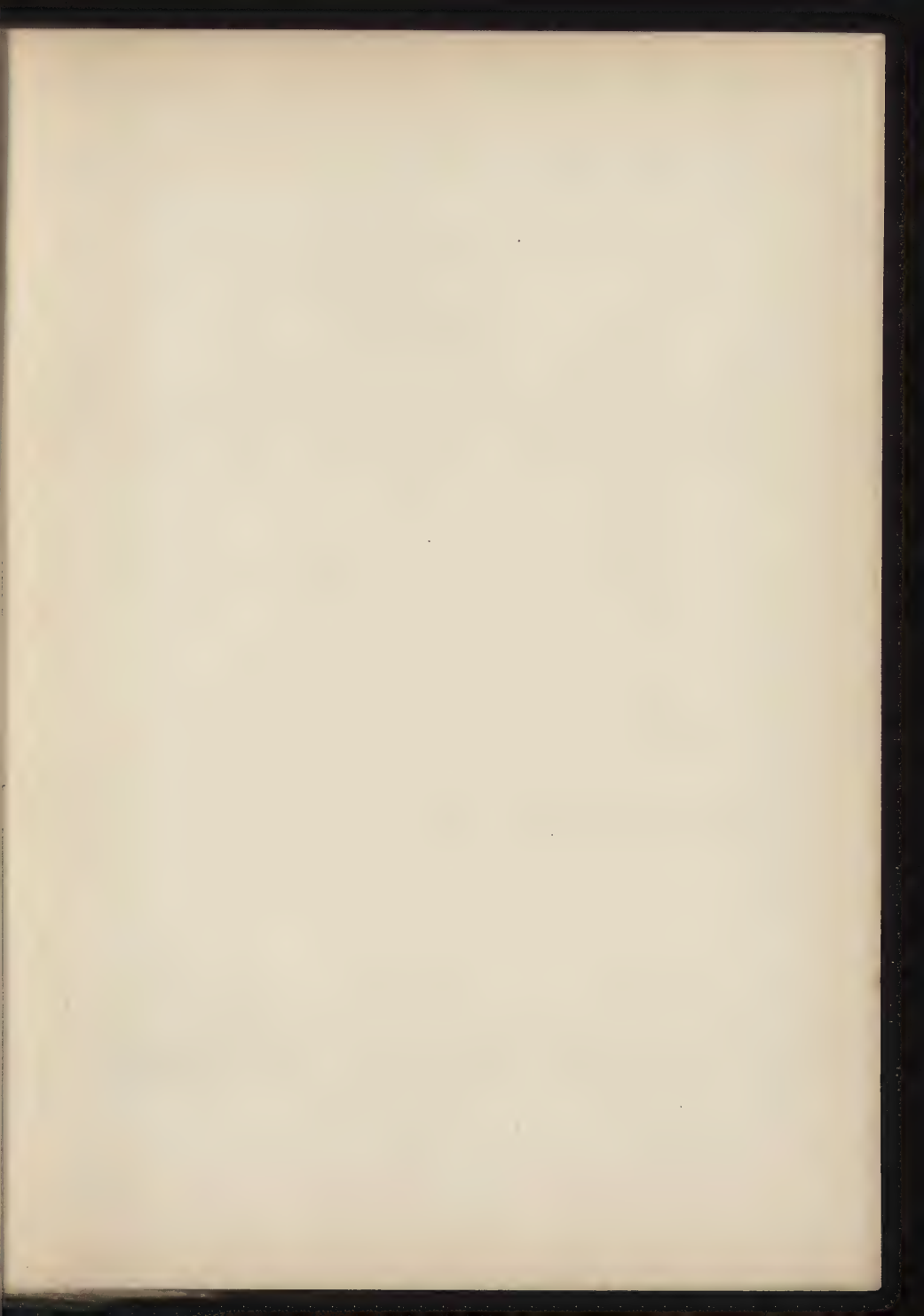
Est genus ingenui lusûs quod nomine *Burking*
Notum est, vel *Burko*, qui claudere cuncta solebat
Ora olim e.oquo, pugili vel forsitan isto
Deaf Un, vel *Burko* pueros qui *Burxit*; at illud
Plausibus aut fictis joculatorem excipiendo,
Aut *bothering* aliquid referentem, constat, amicum.
Hôc parvo excutitur multus conamine ri-us.

Nomina magnorum referam nunc pauca virorum:
Marcus et Henricus,¹ *Punchi* duo lumina magna,
(*Whacks* nic Aristotelem, Sophoclem *brown wallopeth* ille)
In *clubbum* adveniunt; Juvenalis² et advenit acer
Qui veluti *Paddywhack for love* contundit amicos;
Ingentesque animos non parvo in corpore versans
Tullius;³ et Matutini qui Sidus *Heraldi* est
Georgius;⁴ Albertus Magnus;⁵ vesterque Poeta.⁶

Præsidet his Nestor,⁷ qui tempore vixit in Annæ,
Creditor et vidisse Japhet, non *youngster* at allus
In *chaff*, audaci certamine, vinceret illum.
Ille jocos mollit dictis, et pectora mulcet,
Ni faciat, *tumblers*, et *goes*, et pocular *peewter*,
Quippe aliorum alii jactarent forsân in aures.

Horace Mayhew, a brother of Henry (but in no way to be confounded with "the Brothers Mayhew," who, in the gay personality of my Uncle Augustus, wrote, in association with my father, *all* the humorous and imaginative works published under that signature), was an early accession to Mr. Punch's literary staff. His genial, unselfish nature, ready wit, and con-

¹ Mark Lemon and Henry Mayhew. ² Douglas Jerrold. ³ J. H. Tully, the composer. ⁴ G. Hodder (at that time connected with the *Morning Herald* newspaper).
⁵ Albert Smith. ⁶ Percival Leigh. ⁷ Henry Baylis.





PONY MAYHEW.

sideration for his associates, together with an ever-ready purse for his less flourishing brethren of the pen, made "Ponny" Mayhew, as he was always called, one of the most popular men of his time. In literary, artistic, and social circles "Ponny" found so many welcomes that his nights were constantly turned into day; but as he seldom rose before the afternoon, and generally breakfasted when more orthodox folk were taking tea, lunched at supper-time, and had his dinner when the morning milk was abroad, there was, as he would say, "no help for it."

To *Punch* Horace Mayhew contributed many humorous and sparkling things, notably "Model Men, Women, and Children." When the property was transferred to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, he was for a time sub-editor to Mark Lemon; but the new "chief," who was certainly a most active and methodical worker, found "Ponny" rather superfluous, so the latter went back to his duty as a "corner-man," as he used to describe his work of supplying some short but brilliant "fill-ups" to pages. Here is a fac-simile sketch of Horace Mayhew's back-view drawn by himself. The rolled hair

and long coat were "Ponny's" constant and familiar peculiarities. He was fond of affecting a French air in the style of his "get-up," and on this account his friends laughingly dubbed him "the Wicked Old Marquis." The other sketch is by none other than Sir John Tenniel. "Ponny" was indisposed, and for a wonder could not attend a *Punch* dinner. The staff were seated round the festive board, wondering at his absence. A messenger arrives with regrets. Tenniel seizes a sheet of office paper and dashes off a caricature of "Ponny" in bed, with Tom Taylor as nurse plying him with physic. "Testimonial to Ponny, whose absence is our only blot," is penned beneath, and then follow the signatures of those present, to give consolatory weight to this curious and, to me, very valuable "Round Robin."

Punch Office, 85, Fleet Street.

13 June 1871



Testimonial to Fanny, whose absence
is our only blot.

Serge de Maurier.

Charles S. Keene

Thomas Agnew

Shirley Becks

Lucy Sambourne

Forrest Kestley

Tom Taylor.

John Tennell

Andrews.

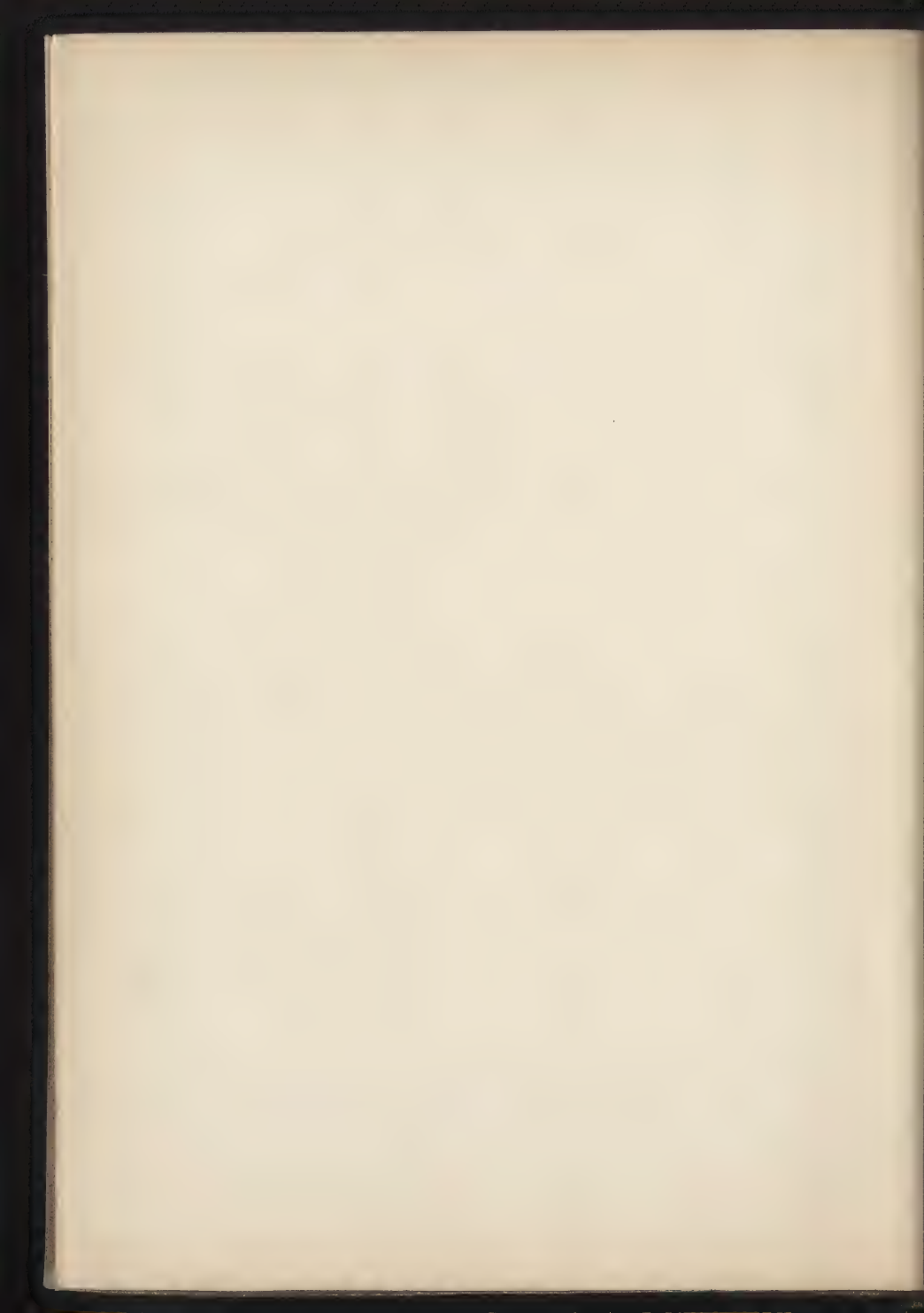
Perceval Leigh

John, junr.

F. C. Barnard

W. C.

W. H. Adams



CHAPTER III.

SOME PRACTICAL JOKES.

FITFULLY among the merry men "of infinite jest" who congregated round Mr. Punch's "mahogany tree," when that hospitable piece of timber was young, came J. W. Allen, landscape painter, *littérateur*, and light-hearted good-fellow. "Joe" Allen's thoughts were always with the jovial company at "The Crown" in Vinegar Yard, even when the exigencies of his profession demanded his presence in Surrey in search of the picturesque. Although not generally credited with that honour, he was an undoubted contributor to No. 1 of *Punch*. The following letter to a lady, written by him from Cotman Deene, Dorking, under the post-mark date (for the letter itself is undated) of July 14th, 1841, will show how Allen the painter was mated with Allen the journalist:—

•

"I was so busily engaged between the time of receiving your note and departing for this place as not to find an opportunity of giving you a line. We are at a deliciously homely place, but are so squeezed up for room as to be obliged to take our food in the same (only one) sitting-room with the legal occupiers. The only chance for you will be our committing violence on a young Scotchman, who has the only spare bed, and as it is decent and cheap, he holds it with true Caledonian tenacity. Should anything happen to him (which is a most forlorn hope, seeing that people never leave when wished to do so), we should rush to the poll to let you know. I have done nothing yet but get a thorough ducking with Mr. A—— to-day, whilst upon the look-out for the picturesque. I have not found any figures to answer one's expectation, but have made a half-engagement with a philosophic-looking old donkey, from whom I have a tacit promise that he will stand even quieter than when under the frightful lash of Isabel, who appeals in vain; nevertheless, it is the sum of sixpence per hour. Look to the new 3*d.* publication next Saturday, called *Punch*, and tell me what you think of my analysis of criticism in the matter of the fine arts.

"Yours very truly,

"J. W. ALLEN."

Allen's high animal spirits, overflowing fun, and abundant relish for harmless practical joking made him a prime favourite wherever he went. On one occasion, however, his appearance did not meet with the customary chorus of acclamation. "Joe's" children—he had a very fair quiver full—had been invited to an evening party, and it had been laid down as a law of the invitation that Papa Allen should attend and divert the assembled juveniles with his farm-

yard imitations, his imaginary Vauxhall, with pyrotechnic displays, and the flight and bursting of countless rockets—excellently reproduced through the manipulation of his finger in his mouth—and, above all, with his celebrated impersonation of Mr. Grimaldi the clown. The completion of a “pot-boiler,” and the delays attendant on the enforced sale of “A Bit of Surrey,” made Mr. Allen rather late for the juvenile party. But disappointment where children were concerned being entirely out of the question, he hires a hackney-coach and dashes up to what he believes to be the door of the house where the festivities are being held. Some vigorous tugs at the bell brings the servant to the door; whereupon Mr. Allen rushes, with never a word, through the hall and up the stairs, turning his coat inside out as he goes. Then, pausing for breath when the drawing-room door is reached, he noiselessly turns the handle, carefully turns himself upside down upon the mat, and then with the cheery ejaculation of “Here we are again!” kicks the door open with his heels and walks in on his hands! This entrance had never failed before to “bring down the

house"; in the present instance, however, there was dead silence, followed by a gasp, and then a horrified shriek. Mr. Joseph Allen had come into the wrong house and surprised two serious old ladies devotionally engaged with "Blair's Sermons"!

Albert Smith, who was one of the old *Cosmorama* staff, joined *Punch* at Number Thirteen, in which his first instalment of the "Physiology of the London Medical Student" appeared, illustrated by Newman, though Leech by this time was contributing sketches every week, and bidding for that foremost place which he soon attained. Smith was at once found to be a zealous and valuable member of Mr. Punch's staff, though Douglas Jerrold had already taken the town with the political power of his weekly articles signed "Q.," which began with "Peel Regularly Called In," in Number Nine. Albert Smith, however, held his own, and scored with his maiden pen better than Thackeray did in Number Twelve, for the great satirist's first contribution passed almost unnoticed. It was entitled "A Fair Offer," signed by Diogenes Jenkinson, "Son of the late Ephraim Jenkinson, well known to Dr.

O. Goldsmith, the Rev. — Primrose, D.D., Vicar of Wakefield, Doctor Johnson of Dictionary celebrity, and other literary celebrities of the last century." The article was a hit at literary hacks, and Mr. Diogenes Jenkinson stated among other things, that he has been badly treated by periodicals and newspapers, and that consequently he "hates everything but gin-and-water"; that he was "qualified before all men to be a critic"; is "always at home in the Fleet Prison, letter L, fourth staircase, paupers' ward," where "for a guinea and a bottle of Hodge's cordial he undertakes to do anything, even to the smashing of Shakespeare and the proving of Milton a driveller."

Among the *Punch* set—and particularly at the dinners—my father has told me that Albert Smith was far from popular. He was one of Jerrold's pet aversions. Albert once showed Douglas an article which he (Albert) had written under the initials A. S. Douglas read it, and returned it to Albert, with the curt commentary that the thinly disguised anonymity of "A. S." revealed exactly two-thirds of the truth! This didn't make them fall into each

other's arms very often. But then Jerrold would always have his flash, even if it exploded friendship. Perhaps one of the least known but best said things of Jerrold's was about Angus Reach, though Thackeray's "Re-ack pass me a pe-ack" was also very good. Angus always insisted that the proper pronunciation of his surname was Re-ack, and this he once (but only once) impressed on Jerrold, who replied with: "Oh, I see! Re-ack when we speak of you, and *Reach* when we read you!"

But to return to Albert Smith. It was an honoured custom among the *Punch* men that each member of the staff should stand on his birthday, to the assembled company, a bowl of punch, of the minimum value of one guinea. Everybody entered into this compact *con amore*. Harry Baylis was so struck with the excellence of the arrangement, that he put himself down on the Club calendar as having been born once a month throughout the year (Jerrold got home on this at once with a reference to the lunar influences presiding at Baylis's birth), and most of the staff took equal liberties with regard to the recurrence of natal days. But Albert Smith appeared never to have been born at all, for it was

impossible to get at the date of that more or less auspicious event. Albert protested vigorously that the Birthday Punchbowl was a tyrannical tax with which he would have nothing to do; but it was very carefully noted by his *confrères* that Mr. Smith always took his full share of the festive libations. Tricks and stratagems galore were contrived for the surprisal of Albert Smith, yet ignorance prevailed as to the period when he saw the light. At last an unexpected opportunity came for revenge. Albert, having invested in a black Spanish cloak of superfine texture and undoubted worth, came arrayed in it one afternoon to Vinegar Yard. Having been duly complimented by the staff on the imposing appearance he cut, the new adornment was carefully hung up on one of the pegs provided in the passage for that purpose. After dinner the usual dead set was made at Albert about his birth, which everybody swore *must* have happened on that particular day.

But Smith being as Sphinx-like and inflexible as ever, Mayhew and Allen put into operation a scheme which only wanted the appearance of the gorgeous new cape for its consummation. Behold, then, Mayhew button-holing Smith,

whilst Allen steals unnoticed from the room. Observe Allen's return after a while, with the flush of triumph on his brow; and hark to his strident voice as he tears at the bell and orders a "guinea bowl of punch for Mr. Smith." Listen to Smith's solemn assurance to the waiter that he (the waiter) may consider himself many times adjectively blanked first before he (Mr. Smith) will pay for it, and Mr. Allen's equally solemn affidavit that if he (Mr. Smith) won't liquidate the bill, he (Mr. Allen) has ample funds at his disposal for the landlord's reimbursement. See the steaming bowl appear! and watch how Mr. Smith takes—chuckling all the while in his sleeve that it is not at *his* expense—his right good whack of the generous compound; and then watch the change that comes over his flushed features when, the bowl being empty, Joe Allen calls the waiter, pays him his guinea, and then, with a formal bow and thanks for the excellent entertainment he has afforded the company, presents Mr. Smith with the pawn-ticket for that wonderful Spanish cloak, which has been surreptitiously pledged by Mr. Allen to provide the necessary funds for "Albert Smith's birthday bowl of punch."

I give the above incident to show the madcap spirit of those early days, when *Punch's* staff were men in years but boys at heart, when the wildest nonsense alternated with the sternest sense, and when "from grave to gay, in turn about, the hours ran to midnight rout." I have heard my father tell how Jerrold would suddenly break off in the middle of a heated and learned debate with Thackeray and peremptorily command that Goliath to "tuck in his tupenny," so that the agile little man might relieve the exuberance of his spirits by playing leap-frog round the room.

Henry Baylis, as I have already said, was the chairman of these weekly gatherings, and George Hodder, in his "Memories," has left us such a vivid picture of the *Punch* Club under its first president, that I must give it here, before quitting the convivial side of these chronicles :—

"Henry Baylis was, by general consent, the elected chairman at the Saturday dinners of the *Punch* conclave, when the meetings took place at a well-known tavern near Drury Lane Theatre. The 'chief nourishers' in the feast were a plain joint of beef or mutton, and an

apple-pudding ('pudden,' our chairman persisted in calling it), and great was the amusement he was wont to create by carving the former in a manner which implied that he understood the gastronomic powers of the several guests around the table. By way of a general climax to the evening's diversions, his practice was to summon the head waiter, and put some such absurd query to him as the following, which, it will be seen, partakes of the alliterative in its style. 'Has Bockett¹ finished blowing up Bob?'² Being invariably answered in the affirmative, he would imperiously order that Bockett be desired to attend; and, on that respectable functionary making his appearance, someone in the party would politely invite him to take a seat. This he immediately proceeded to do; and thereupon Baylis, with the most

¹ The name of the landlord.

² Bob was the second waiter, and a most singular specimen of the genus he was. Amongst his many peculiarities it may be mentioned that, notwithstanding his head had been considerably shorn of its natural covering, he never wore a hat when engaged on the many little errands he performed in the neighbourhood; but whenever he had a few days' holiday (which occurred about twice a year), his only delight was to walk from the street, *with his hat on*, into the bar at rapid intervals, and, in his gracious loyalty, order something "for the good of the house."

ludicrous caricature of indignation, exclaimed, 'What, sir! have you the impudence to sit down in your own house?' Poor Boniface, good-naturedly appreciating the joke (for he had become thoroughly accustomed to it), remained standing while the jocose chairman harangued him, in such a continuous flow of grotesque eloquence, upon the quality of his dinner and liquids, the extent of his accommodation, etc., that the entire company (which included, be it observed, the Tritons of a great comic periodical) were kept for not less than half an hour in an uninterrupted roar of laughter, as he alternately pulled and puffed at his tobacco-pipe, and uttered some violent absurdities at the expense of the unoffending landlord, whose innocence, real and assumed, added materially to the effect of the joke."

CHAPTER IV.

MR. PUNCH MAKES HIS BOW.

MR. PUNCH'S convivial side having been sketched in the preceding chapter, I now turn to a far more important aspect of his early career—his commercial status. This for the first six months of his existence was none of the soundest. Everybody worked right manfully to make the paper a success, so as to confound the croakers who had predicted a speedy end to the merry little hunchback. All London was scoured for literary and artistic talent. The paper was no close clique then, for its pages were open to all who had a smart thing to say or a happy idea to illustrate. Of course, from his inception *Punch* had an organized staff; but this was always being recruited and strengthened from outside, though there was more difficulty in obtaining artistic aid than literary co-operation. Mr. Hine, the artist, joined *Punch* about

three months after its commencement, and proved a valuable addition to the staff. He remained with it for some years, but eventually abandoned drawing on wood for water-colour painting, in which he achieved a great reputation. Among other artists who came and went, besides Newman, who stayed with the paper for a considerable time after it was taken over by Bradbury and Evans, were Birket Foster, Alfred Crowquill, Lee, Hamerton, John Gilbert, William Harvey, and Kenny Meadows.

To Leech, and the extraordinary development of his gifts by *Punch*, the space at my command forbids me to refer further than I have done in previous articles. Nor can I dwell here on Richard Doyle, son of the celebrated H.B., who soon transcended his father's fame, not only as the designer of the present wrapper, but in those immortal "Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe," which proved far and away his most popular contribution. Nor is it necessary for me to refer to the conscientious scruples that led to "Dicky" Doyle's secession, which, though accompanied by a chorus of regrets, bore wonderful artistic fruit, inasmuch as it

made room for the greatest cartoonist the periodical Press has ever known—John Tenniel.

Among the regular literary staff no man worked harder than Gilbert Abbot A'Beckett, though it is evident that he had no superfluous faith in the paper's stability.

Some pleasant reminiscences of his brother Gilbert have been left by the Hon. T. T. A'Beckett, an Australian official. Mr. A'Beckett, after some particulars with regard to Gilbert and Mayhew's adventure of *Figaro in London*, notices his connection with *Punch*. "I recollect well," he says, "my brother—who wrote for it from the first number to the last that appeared in his lifetime—bringing me away from my office on an assurance that if I accompanied him as far as the Strand, he would show me something that would fill me at once with gratification and amazement. He kept me in suspense until I reached Catherine Street, when he stopped short, and said, 'Now you shall see me draw a pound from *Punch*, and if that don't amaze you and gratify you, you must have but a poor sense of the marvellous, and very little brotherly sympathy.'"

To this I must add what Grattan has left me concerning A'Beckett, which I gathered from H. P. in the course of a conversation some few years ago :—

“You seem pretty good at word painting. Can you describe Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett's personal appearance?”

“He was above the middle height, slightly but elegantly formed, and his face was classically handsome.”

“In your opinion, A'Beckett shone most in travesty?”

“Yes; take, for example, the following extracts from some of the early *Punches*. I think they will convey a fair idea of A'Beckett's usual ‘sliding scale,’ from the would-be serious to the absolutely comic.”

“A BARRISTER'S CARD.

“Mr. Briefless begs to inform the public in general, that he has opened chambers in Pump Court. N.B.—Please go down the area steps.

“In consequence of the general pressure for money, Mr. Briefless has determined to do business at the following very reduced scale of prices, and flatters himself that having been long a member of a celebrated debating society,

he will be found to possess the qualities so essential to a legal advocate.

"Motions of cause 6s. 8d., usual charge 10s. 6d.; undefended actions from 15s., usually from £2 2s.; actions for breach of promise from £1 1s., usually from £5 5s. to £500; ditto, with appeal to the feelings, (from) £3 3s.; ditto, ditto, very superior, £5 5s.; ditto, with tirades against the law (a highly approved mixture), £3 3s. N.B.—To the three last items there is an additional 5s. for a reply, should one be rendered requisite. Mr. Briefless begs to call attention to the fact, that feeling the injustice that is done the public by the system of *Refreshers*, he will, in all cases where he is retained, take out his *refreshers* in brandy, rum, gin, ale, or porter.

"Injured innocence carefully defended; oppression and injustice punctually persecuted.

"A liberal allowance to attorneys and solicitors.

"A few old briefs wanted as dummies.

"Anyone having a second-hand coachman's wig to dispose of may hear of a purchaser.

"HOP INTELLIGENCE.

"Fanny Elsler has made an enormous fortune

by her *trips* in America. Few pockets are so crammed by *hops* as hers.

"Oscar Byrne, Professor of the College Hornpipe to the London University, had a long interview yesterday with Lord Palmerston, to give his Lordship lessons in the new waltz step. The master complains that, despite a long political life's practice, the pupil does not *turn quick enough*. A change was, however, apparent at the last lesson, and his Lordship is expected soon to be able to effect a complete *ro-tory* motion.

"Mademoiselle Taglioni has left London for Germany, her fatherland, the country of her *pas*.

"The Society for the Promotion of Civilization have engaged Mr. Tom Matthews to teach the Hottentots the 'Menuet-de-la-cour' and tumbling. He departs, with the other missionaries, when the hot weather sets in.

"OUR CITY ARTICLE.

"We have no arrivals to-day, but we are looking out anxiously for the overland mail from Battersea. It is expected that news will be brought of the mushroom market, and great

inconvenience is felt in the meantime by the dealers, who are holding all they have got in anticipation of a fall, while commodities are, of course, every moment getting heavier.

"The London and Westminster steamboat *Tulip*, with letters from Millbank, was planted in the mud off Westminster for several hours, and those who looked for the correspondence had to look much longer than could have been agreeable.

"The egg market has been in a very unsettled state all the week, and we have heard whispers of a large breakage in one of the wholesale houses. This is caused by the dead weight of the packing-cases, to which every house in the trade is liable. In the fruit trade there is positively nothing doing; and the *growers*, who are every day becoming *less*, complain fruitlessly. Raspberries were slack at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ a pottle, but dry goods still brought their prices. We have heard of several severe smashes in currants; and the bakers, it is said, who generally contrive to get a finger in the pie, are among the sufferers.

"The salmon trade is for the most part in a pickle, but we should regret to say anything that might be misinterpreted. The periwinkle

and milk interest, in consequence of the rise in the price of pins and scarcity of water, have both sustained a severe shock, but potatoes continue to be done as much as usual."

The knowledge of those most interested of the fact that *Punch* at the outset was under-capitalized caused, of course, great anxiety to the partners. Hodder has left us a picture of my father's frame of mind at "Mr. Punch's" birth :—

"At length came the day of publication. It was Saturday, July 17, 1841 (for the system of issuing periodical works in anticipation of the date was not then the prevailing practice as it has since become), and Mr. Mayhew's thoughts and attention were directed, with inevitable anxiety, to the publishing office, from a desire to ascertain the progress of the 'circulation.' If the aforesaid Mr. Bryant be still extant,¹ he will, doubtless, remember how frequently and eagerly Mr. Mayhew, or myself—sometimes both—applied to him to know the state of affairs in his all-important department. In short, it may be frankly stated that Mayhew

¹ Bryant was *Punch's* first publisher, and died, I believe, soon after the publication of Hodder's "Memories."

and I walked up and down that part of the Strand leading from Wellington Street towards St. Clement's Church the greater part of the afternoon discussing the prospects of the new undertaking, and the former congratulating himself upon the success it was likely to achieve, as we continued to obtain fresh intelligence in respect to the number of copies disposed of.

"As to the ultimate success of the work, it is only necessary for me to say that it struggled on manfully and cleverly for many months (its momentary dissolution being daily predicted by alarmists and 'Job's-comforters'), but from the unfortunate obstacle caused by the want of capital, its promoters fell into difficulties, and, in order to save it from bankruptcy, the property was disposed of to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, for a sum little exceeding the amount of Mr. Punch's liabilities, Mr. Landells still holding a small share, which, however, was soon bought up by the new authorities, and Mr. Lemon retaining the editorship, with Mr. Mayhew (who had yielded that post to him) as his auxiliary in the discharge of that somewhat essential duty of 'thinking and suggesting.'"

To this I now add my father's words in

respect to the pecuniary advantage he reaped from the venture :—

“ To me *Punch* was always a labour of love, and certainly never proved a source of profit ; for, after planning and arranging the entire work, selecting the whole of the *old* staff of contributors, and having edited it for the first six months of its career without having received a single farthing for my pains, it so happened when those who started it were obliged to sell their bantling to Bradbury and Evans, that on the payment of all the debts connected with the production of the work, there remained a clear surplus of seven and sixpence to be divided among the three original proprietors, of which *the munificent sum of half-a-crown fell to my share.*”

CHAPTER V.

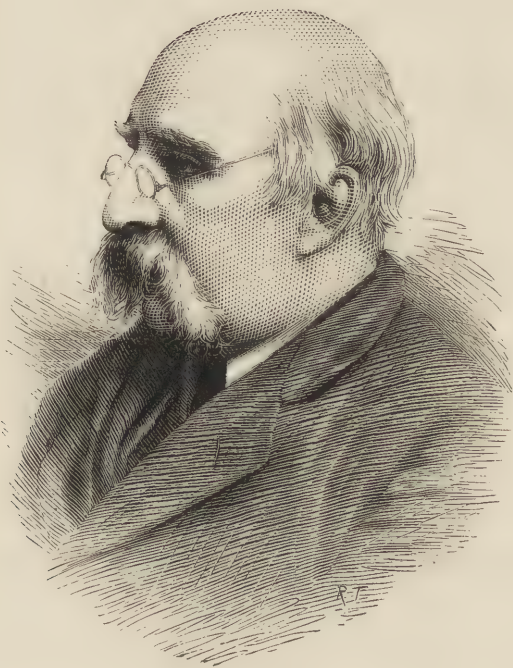
SWOLLEN HEADS.

WHEN *Punch* changed hands, the Almanack went with it as part and parcel of the copyright, and it was mainly through the success of the first annual (written, as I have shown, entirely by Henry Mayhew and H. P. Grattan in the Fleet Prison) that the property advanced by those leaps and bounds so soon to place it in the foremost ranks of remunerative journalism.

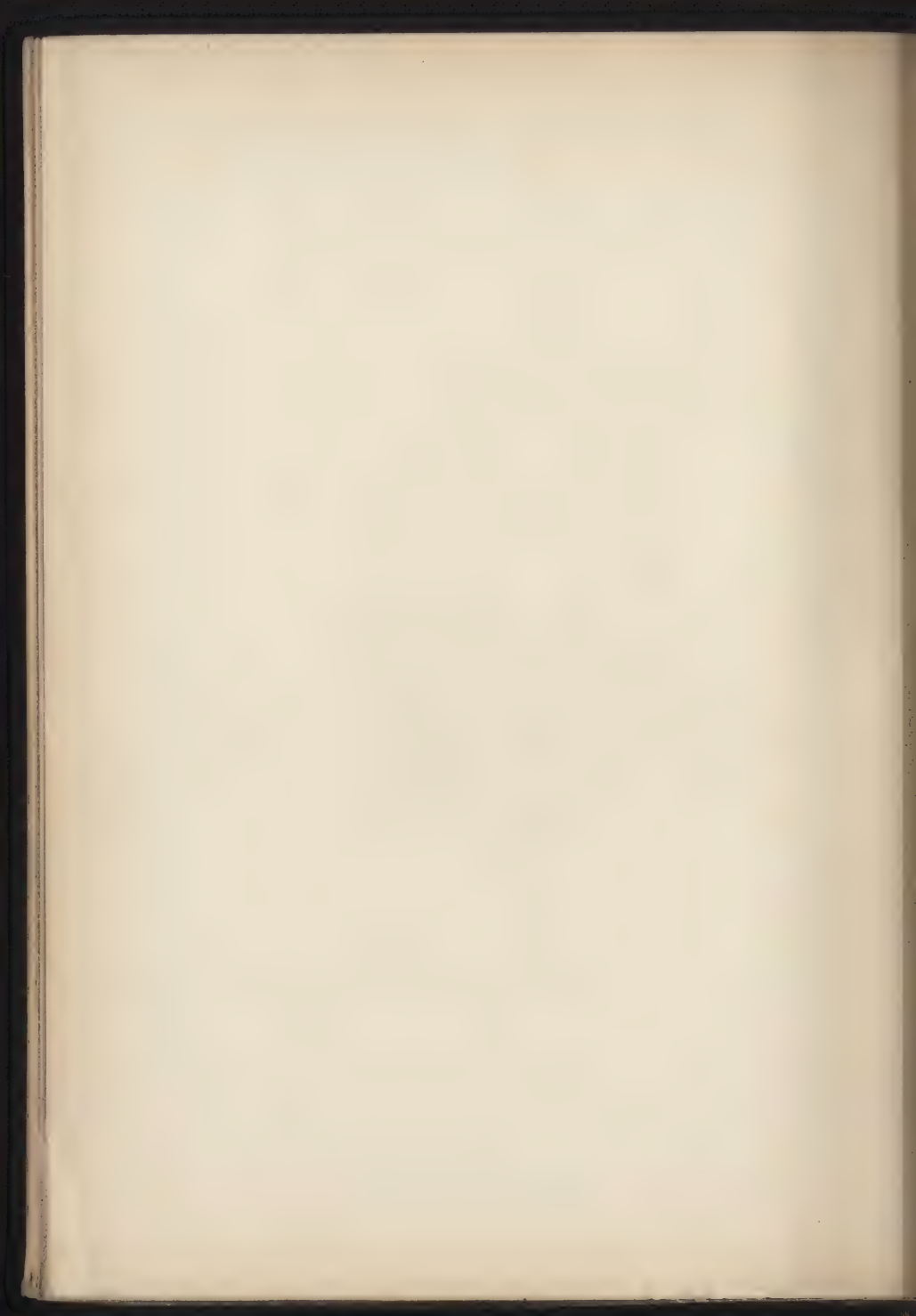
The mention of the precise sum Messrs. Bradbury and Evans paid for their fortunate investment is not in any way necessary for these present chronicles ; but when I say that it was considerably under one thousand pounds, I am betraying no counting-house confidences, especially as the actual amount has been an open secret in certain circles ever since the transfer took place.

At the change, the services of Landells as art-editor and engraver were retained, but Last left; as Bradbury and Evans considered—and possibly with less egotism than most trade rivals are stocked with—that Whitefriars could print quite as well as Crane Court. Mayhew, Lemon, Jerrold, A' Beckett, Leigh, Leech, Wills, and some others went over with the concern. Sydney Blanchard, in his little *Punch* brochure—inspired, as I have said, by Last—says that several of the early writers and artists remained only temporarily with the journal. “Mr. Henning and Mr. Newman both retired—the latter for a lucrative engagement in New York. Mr. Coyne and Mr. Grattan were but casual contributors, and that but for a short time. Mr. Wills’s connection with the journal did not last very long after it passed into the hands of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. But the most important changes which took place soon after the transfer to Whitefriars, were the secession of Messrs. Mayhew and Landells, *on account of personal differences*, which need not be explained here. After Mr. Mayhew’s departure Mr. Lemon became the sole editor of *Punch*, and held that position until his death.”

The italics in the above are my own. There were never any personal differences between my father and Landells, beyond that momentary friction occasionally inseparable from the conduct of a paper. They were the best of friends until Landells' death, which preceded Mayhew's by many years. There were, however, many *personal differences* between Lemon, Mayhew, and Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. My father was naturally nettled at the underhand work going on with a view to Lemon's installation into the editorial chair. My father lived then at Herne Bay, when his duties did not call him to Whitefriars. Lemon, on the contrary, was entirely devoted to the office. Mayhew had retained a small share in the property at its transfer; but by-and-by he was persuaded to commute this for an augmented salary, provided he would resign the editorship to Lemon and confine himself to what Hodder calls "that somewhat essential duty of thinking and suggesting." This he was sufficiently unwise to do, and thus became a *servant* to those who, but for an injudicious stroke of the pen, he could in perpetuity have compelled to remain his partners. On the



HENRY MAYHEW.



expiration of his agreement Mayhew left the paper, and the "thinking and suggesting" had to be placed in commission at the weekly dinners, for although Lemon's office capacity was beyond reproach, his brain fertility was none of the most astounding.

The above explanation of my father's position on the transfer of *Punch* is necessary and important, as upon it hinges the whole misapprehension as to who was the first editor of *The London Charivari*.

It was not, however, solely on account of the strained relations existing between himself and Mark Lemon that my father decided to discard his bantling. It will be remembered that when *Punch* was conceived, harmless fun was to be taken for its motto. But gradually, as the little hunchback felt its legs, his voice was heard with no uncertain sound. An almost imperceptible transition in tone took place, too soon to herald those personal attacks and satires which were Mayhew's particular detestation. Gilbert A'Beckett was never so happy as when letting fly his shafts at a butt; Jerrold's sting was none the less severe because it came swiftly and unawares. Many on the staff followed on

the methods of these two masters of vivisection, until scarcely a week was allowed to elapse without Lord William Lennox, Silk Buckingham, Monsieur Jullien, Alfred Bunn, Samuel Carter Hall, Daniel O'Connell, Alderman Moon, or Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton being exposed in Mr. Punch's pillory. Yet the severest attack upon the last-mentioned ever published in the paper was not written by any of the regular contributors. It came from no less a person than Alfred Tennyson before he gained his laurels. Bulwer had alluded to the poetry of Tennyson as

"A quaint farrago of absurd conceits
Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats."

To this Tennyson replied in a few verses which made not a little impression at the time, and are still well remembered by many, beginning—

"We knew him out of Shakspeare's art,
By those fine curses which he spoke,"

and continuing in a strain of personal sarcasm which we will not repeat in this place. The lines were signed "Alcibiades." Not the least curious fact concerning them is that they were brought to the editor of *Punch* by a particular

friend of the attacked and the attacking party—a gentleman holding a considerable position in the world of letters, and noted for his personal influence among literary men and publishers.

Thus *Punch*, potentially supported by a public who had yet a hankering for the malignancy of such papers as *The Satirist* and *The Age*, went on its way rejoicing at the excessive smartness of its own conceits, until one day it received an unexpected Roland for an Oliver in the person of Alfred Bunn, who rose in his wrath and smote the little hunch-back hip and thigh. Bunn—as poet, manager, and a personage with irresistible features for the caricaturist—had endured much before he issued his historic reply to his tormentors. “But suddenly,” says Mr. Sydney Blanchard, in so temperate an account of this episode that I am fain to quote it here, “he remembered that who would be free themselves must strike the blow, and very shortly afterwards there appeared a certain work called ‘A Word with *Punch*.’ It was so like *Punch* in appearance that you might have mistaken it for that publication.

"There was a caricature of the cover outside, and the temporary illusion was increased by the prominence given to the name of *Punch* in the title, the words 'A Word with' being placed in comparative obscurity in a line above. The size of the page was of course the same, and so was the form of the columns. The text was interspersed with illustrations, as in the original, and the general appearance was as like as like could be, even to the extent of the proverbial two peas.

"What shall we say of the nature of the contents? Albert Smith used to declare that when a man attacked him in the papers he always found the best course to be 'to drag him out by name, and say all you know against him.' This was precisely the policy adopted by Mr. Bunn in the 'Word with *Punch*.' He dragged out all the recognized writers of that periodical, and said all that he knew against them. There was not much to say, it must be confessed. But if a writer of any power of expression sits down with the deliberate intention of insulting somebody else upon paper, it is strange if he does not succeed; and when the persons selected for special and studied insult happen

to have established antagonistic relations with a large number of other persons, it is strange if the said writer does not find considerable acceptance for his benevolent service. Both results came to pass in the case of Mr. Bunn. And the effect was heightened by caricatures in which the originals were portrayed with as many ludicrous or otherwise unpleasing associations as an effective artist of cheerful disposition could well bring together. There was no great harm done. The motive alleged for the attacks upon 'Hot Cross Bunn,' as he was called in turn with the title of 'Poet,' was no worse than having been refused boxes at Drury Lane Theatre—the probable fact being that there was no motive at all, except 'the fun of the thing.' But the thing was intended to annoy, and doubtless did; and Mr. Bunn had his excuse for an unscrupulous prolusion, that he met the writers on their own field, and fought them with their own weapons—less fairly employed he might have added—but it was not for him to point out this little difference. The precedent is an awkward one in the interests of satire, and would interfere, if generally followed, with some of the most cherished privileges of

comic writing. It would have been far better for Mr. Bunn to have considered the greatest happiness of the greatest number, instead of poisoning his personal prejudices against the pleasure afforded to the public by his maintenance of the character of a tranquil target, to say nothing of the development of sarcastic power of which he was the occasion. But Mr. Bunn was not a hero, not even a philosopher, and we must suppose him excusable for taking a selfish view of the case. We should not omit to add that the 'Word with *Punch*' was noted as 'No. I. To be continued if necessary.' Also that No. II. never appeared, not being necessary—for *Punch* never bored Mr. Bunn afterwards. Both sides agreed to be better enemies—an arrangement less dangerous than being better friends, since it saved the chance of a fresh misunderstanding. Mr. Bunn, by the way, is said not to have been his own champion upon the occasion. The greater part, if not the whole, of the fight—both with pen and pencil—is supposed to have been conducted by a distinguished man of letters, who is to this day going gaily about London and evincing no sign of repentance. He did his

gladiating doubtless without malice, and from a purely sporting instinct—even as Mr. Punch gave the provocation.”

Since then *Punch* has seen the errors of its ways, and with one solitary exception has been generally fair and right-minded to all. The exception I will leave the reader to supply, should he have found time to fairly sample my

JORUM OF PUNCH.

CONCLUSION.

FOLLOW MY LEADER.

FROM *The Squib*, *Pasquin*, and *Diogenes* to *The Comic News*, *Fun*, and *Judy*—from *The Man in the Moon* to *Lika Joko*—Mr. Punch has gazed in his time on many rivals. Some started in fair and honourable competition, others projected in open and often ferocious hostility to “the Fleet Street clique,” the quick and the dead were all originally begotten to help skim such cream as the little hunchback was soon prosperously lapping. For by the middle of the forties light-hearted journalism was an accomplished and substantial fact, and that too in the face of expert opinion that such an irresponsible puppet as *Punch* could never find a permanent home in sober-minded England. Doubtless the “croakers,” as my father loved to call them, had the weight of experience on their side, for laughter—honest open-hearted

laughter—was, in the earlier half of the present century, but little cultivated or known, and in its place we had the barren simper or the cold ungenial smile of ice. For these the passing political pasquinades or ephemeral “society” lampoons well-nigh sufficed; whilst for those who would have their regular gutter-fill of filth, in which this “high-bred” age did not disdain to wallow, there was *The Star of Venus*, or *Show-up Chronicle*; *The Penny Satirist*, and those twopenny key-hole chronicles of scandal, *The Town*, *The Age*, *Paul Pry*, *The Fly*, and half a dozen other purveyors of more or less witty and caustic garbage. But by the time the many oppositions to *Punch* began to appear there was only stifled talk to be heard of the impossibility of sustained humorous effort—of the madness of attempting to be funny for fifty-two weeks, all the year round; and scarce a whisper of a journal’s speedy dissolution through a paucity of puns or a blight in *bon mots*. For now that the London Charivari had shown the world that wit without scurrility and humour without coarseness could be manufactured in any quantity according to demand, the jocund journalist or satirical scribe was to be acquired for the

upholding of a little finger. The comic artist, however, was far more difficult to catch. The pick of them were already seated round Mr. Punch's "mahogany tree."

Pictorial predicaments, indeed, proved disastrous to many a light-hearted venture. Speaking of *Punch's* early competitors, a well-known critic has said: "In everything but the artistic department these publications (*The Man in the Moon*, *Diogenes*, and *The Comic Times*) were superior to *Punch*. Had the young wits whose lively fancy sparkled in their columns been associated with Mr. Leech, Mr. Doyle and Mr. Tenniel, comic literature might have been saved from the slough of degradation in which it now wallows." Of the earliest oppositions to *Punch*, the most favoured, from an art-aspect, was *The Man in the Moon*, which was started in the year 1846 under the joint editorship of Albert Smith and Angus Reach. The artists were H. G. Hine, Archibald Henning (seceders from *Punch*), G. A. Sala (the last mentioned being also one of the literary staff), and the French caricaturist "Cham." Prominent among the contributors were Shirley Brooks, Charles Lamb, Kenney, and the brothers Brough. *The Man in the Moon*

looked down but coldly on Mr. Punch; and Shirley Brooks (little dreaming then that he was 'destined to become Mark Lemon's successor) was never happier than when letting fly a shaft to gall Whitefriars. A poem of Brooks' published in the *Moon* called "Our Flight with *Punch*," by way of answer to some Asmodean "Flights" which had appeared in the latter periodical, was held at the time to combine the harmonious numbers of Pope with the scathing satire of Swift. There are, however, few lasting animosities in "smart" journalism, and Shirley Brooks ultimately became *Punch's* guide, philosopher, and friend.

Pasquin, another ephemeral comic of the period, which drew most of its inspiration from Sutherland Edwards and James Hannay, was an equal offender with the *Moon* in its hostility to *Punch*. Yet both Edwards and Hannay contributed to the surviving journal, though their connection with it was not for long.

It was somewhere about this period that the brilliant little coruscation *Chat* flashed and fizzled for a while. Of its career Mr. George Augustus Sala tells us: "I had a little bit of an illustrated weekly paper of my own once. It

was called *Chat: Fun, Fact, Fiction, and On Dit*, and its career lasted from 1847 to 1850. I was the editor—at a pound a week—of this modest little hebdomadal pennyworth; but in 1848-9 the proprietor, the late Mr. Frederick Marriott, going off at brief notice to the Californian gold diggings—he afterwards became the founder of *The San Francisco News Letter*—left me the copyright of *Chat*. Not having any capital, I took a partner (Pond); who was no more of a capitalist than I was; but he followed the calling of an advertising agent, and as he had a pretty extensive connection, we enjoyed tolerable prosperity. I happened to know Professor Holloway of bolus and unguent fame, and the pill and ointment advertisements were often as life-belts to us. The bulk of the illustrations—one, I remember, was a view of the burning of the old Olympic Theatre in Wych Street—I drew myself on the wood, and very rough-and-ready these illustrations were, but I had a skilful artistic coadjutor in Mr. Archibald Henning, a humorous artist of distinguished merit."

Chat, like the many funny papers that played follow my leader on the heels of

Punch, was not at all adverse to running a tilt at its more prosperous threepenny rival, yet George Augustus Sala must be numbered with the many distinguished literary men who subsequently, but fitfully, enlivened the pages of the premier comic.

Before leaving *Chat*, I think I shall be betraying no confidence if I recount a little office incident, as it was once told to me by the surviving partner of that long defunct periodical.

It happened to be a Saturday when the advertising department had failed with its "pretty extensive connection," and Professor Holloway was not as the usual "life-belt" unto the firm. Blank despair sat upon the proprietorial brows, whilst the staff brooded vacuously over the prospects of a Sunday dinner deferred, which maketh the heart sick. The various schemes and stratagems of desperate men in financial *extremis* had been propounded and had collapsed. Thus the commonwealth, declared earlier in the day, had melted into thin air for the want of any tangible wealth to give it cohesion. It was when this well-nigh broken-hearted conclave had decided to permanently break up, that a lumbering

shuffle-footed youth came skating along the gloomy passage leading to the publishing office with "returns." The unsold *Chats*, however, proved of insufficient weight for the purposes of exchange, even into the basest currency. Yet a radiant look of hope was noticeable in the eyes of one of the proprietors as he gazed fixedly into the passage and noticed certain silver streaks shining in the darkness, and which the hob-nails of the youth had ploughed up in the dirt-encrusted flooring. A hurried negotiation of these luminous tracks was but the work of seconds, and then with a jubilant whoop the prospecting partner was back in the office shouting, "Saved! saved!—*it's lead!*"

The sequel to this discovery has been variously recounted. Some maintain that after a brief consultation the staff fled as one man from the temptation that lay before them; others—possibly enemies of the paper—have left it on record that some hour or so after the revelation of the passage the entire *Chat entourage* might have been observed issuing from a marine store dealer's shop, and every one of them rubbing a shoulder as though it still ached from upholding a heavy burden, yet with

such satisfaction on each face as is worn only by those who have been well rewarded for laborious work.

But to return to the earlier *Punch* oppositions. Well, *The Squib*, *Pasquin*, *Diogenes*, *The Man in the Moon*, *Chat*, *The Train*, and a score of less remembered and even more ephemeral rivals, went the inevitable way of all under-capitalized productions, and the trunk-maker and the butterman saw the last of them. With the establishment of *Fun*, however, was inaugurated a paper that came to stay. Tom Hood the younger was at the helm, with Henry Sampson (until his untimely death *Pendragon* and *Referee* Sampson) for sub. *Fun* was a big success from the start. It tickled the penny public's ribs and gave them excellent comic value for their money. Here William Brunton (a second Doyle, and, like the immortal "Dicky," an Irishman) was at home with his quaint and graphic outlines, and here too the boy genius Paul Gray electrified the art world with his cartoons. Among *Fun*'s larger literary lights shone W. S. Gilbert, who made his mark there with the inimitable "Bab Ballads"; and there too, dear old "Jeff"

Prowse evolved from his grotesque inner consciousness "Nicholas," the disreputable old sporting tout with an insatiable thirst for "unsweetened cold" and a curious knowledge of a mysterious game called "Knurr and Spell."

Betwixt "Jeff" Prowse's "Nicholas" and Charles Ross's "Ally Sloper," subsequently to be born in the pages of *Judy*, there was such a strong family likeness that, to borrow a line from a "Twins" song of the day, "You couldn't tell t'other from which," both being bulbous of nose, bibulous by nature and "sportive" by proclivity. "Ally Sloper," however, was the more favoured individual artistically, for on him the late G. W. Baxter lavished all the gifts of his surprising pencil. As time went on, the character was deemed of sufficient importance to warrant the foundation by Gilbert Dalziel and Charles Ross of a special comic journal devoted to the vagaries of this creation, and in *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday* Baxter and Ross set all England laughing at the vicissitudes of the erratic Ally and the ludicrous adventures of the Sloper family.

But prior to this, and long before Mr.

Sullivan had given us those grotesque peeps into the manners and customs of the British Workman in *Fun*, came H. J. Byron into the arena with his pun-crammed *Comic News*. On its wrapper over the royal coat of arms was displayed the motto "Due a Monday," a Byronic equivalent for *Dieu et mon Droit*; whilst *Honi soit qui mal y pense* was verbally distorted into "On his walk he made puns." *The Comic News* was chiefly remarkable for its weekly burlesque criticisms of plays, and on these Byron lavished all the spontaneity of his humour, together with his great knowledge of the playwright's craft. But *The Comic News* never achieved the success of *Fun*, and in process of time Byron's bantling went the way of *Punchinello*, *Punch and Judy*, *The Hornet*, *The Owl*, *The Mask*, *Mr. Merryman*, and a round baker's dozen of earlier or later "ephemeral funnies."

But of all the dead or living satirical journals projected within the second half of the century none shot up with such meteoric brilliancy as *The Tomahawk*. It was a model of what such a paper should be—sharp and incisive as a serpent's tooth, and with all the serpent's wisdom

behind its fangs. To an A'Beckett belongs the honour of its admirable editorship; but, above all, to the late Matt Morgan must be awarded the palm for his trenchant cartoons. These were always printed in black and a tint so that the whites could be picked out. In this treatment Matt's training as a scenic artist was taken advantage of with excellent effect, though, like Tommy Traddles, a *penchant* for the delineation of skeletons often gave a sameness to his subjects. Yet in the now historic "Brown Study," and the equally notorious "Lead on, I follow thee," Matt Morgan showed a daring in design and a force of handling that set the whole of the art-world agog at his method. That *The Tomahawk* should have been allowed to drop in the hey-day of its success—for of course there was no truth in the rumour that it had been bought up to be suppressed—was, as Lord Dundreary used to say about the time of its sudden suspension, "one of those things no fellow could understand."

In most of the comic journals enumerated above cartoons were found to be indispensable, but they were generally single-page ones until the Conservative *Will o' the Wisp* appeared

with a weekly double-page political squib. As Brunton was a second Doyle to *Fun*, so John Proctor proved another Tenniel to *Will o' the Wisp*; and during the whole of an exceptionally exciting electoral campaign—the period being when Mr. Gladstone was seeking the suffrages of Greenwich—Mr. Proctor's scholarly and trenchant pencil must have done yeoman's service to the Conservative cause.

Judy, another Tory comic, run, until recently, with the utmost political impartiality by the same firm that owned the Liberal *Fun*, proved more stable than *Will o' the Wisp*, though both were published at twopence. It was in *Judy* that Mr. Alfred Bryant came to the fore as a caricaturist of exceptional ability, force of observation, and firmness of execution. Apart from his whole pages in the *Ent'ract*, his weekly collaboration with "the Captious Critic" in *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, and his yearly pictorial *revue* in the Christmas numbers of *The World*, Mr. Bryant has now associated himself with *Moonshine*, and in its pages may be studied some of the most humorously apposite cartoons of the day.

London, however, was not allowed the entire

field to itself in competition with *Punch*. The provinces, never backward in journalistic enterprise, were early to the fore with local satirical sheets and county comics. One of the earliest, if not the first country imitation of *Punch*, I should imagine to be *The Liverpool Lion*, a smart little weekly joker started and conducted by those brilliant Liverpudlians, the brothers Brough. "Bob" used in this to illustrate his verbal jokes with pictorial puns which were distinctly reminiscent of the elder Hood, and these by reason of their excessive badness were remarkably laughable.

Long after *The Lion* had ceased to roar, there came to the city on the Mersey a genial Irishman with a trenchant pen, named Hugh Shimmin, who founded in the autumn of 1860 *The Porcupine*. This proved a permanent success, its incisive style having been maintained from the start. John F. McArdle—the writer of heaven knows how many provincial pantomimes—was its principal literary humorist; but perhaps the chief feature of its early days was the weekly London letter of Charles Millward (at one time a part proprietor), who used to date his contributions from the Savage

Club, and in the concoction of which a dozen Savages would assist with an independent and not wholly relevant paragraph apiece. In opposition to *The Porcupine* there was started in 1877, by K. C. Spier, *The Liverpool Lantern*—one of the first of the more ambitious weekly comics now indigenous to nearly every important provincial town. *The Lantern* was packed with small illustrations of by no means indifferent merit, and an occasional cartoon. *The Liverpool Lantern* had its light put out about four years after its illumination, but whilst it flashed it was appreciated on account of the excessively, and sometimes almost painfully, neat process and transfer illustrations of Harold Furniss, and the broadly humorous blocks of "Ant" (Arthur North), a northern draughtsman, soon to be requisitioned for the pages of *The Yorkshireman*, a Bradford satirical weekly founded in 1875 by James Burnley. At first *The Yorkshireman* was unillustrated, but after it had been running some twelve months it developed a favourable eruption of "cuts." A reference to this paper would be incomplete without mention of James W. Richards—a sort of Yorkshire Father Prout—

with a rare gift for the production of dialect verse.

In 1880, Harold Furniss, having seceded from *The Lantern*, founded *The Liverpool Wasp*, and at the same time W. G. Baxter—by-and-by to make an enduring reputation for himself in London in connection with *Ally Sloper*, and to die in the prime of life and in the zenith of his genius—was exploiting *Momus*, in Manchester. This was an eight-page comic that depended on Baxter's pencil for its success. His versatility of style was admirably demonstrated in a weekly caricature of a Cottonopolis king, a page of bits from a new play, and some powerful "heads from Dickens." The editor of *Momus*, in the first instance, was Rayson, and at the finish, Harris. *Momus* ran till 1884, when Baxter came to town.

About the time *The Porcupine* was projected in Liverpool, the celebrated Ben Brierley, the Lancashire dialect-poet, founded a journal bearing his own name which ran coincidentally with *The Manchester Free Lance*. Later, *The Lancashire Figaro*, a Manchester edition of *The Liverpool Wasp*, was started, with H. A. Duffy in the editorial chair, and "Faustin"—then designing costumes at the theatre—as one of

the chief artists. It was somewhere about 1883 that the draughtsman "Ant," having retired from *The Yorkshireman*, exploited, in connection with J. Wilton Jones (sub-editor of *The Yorkshire Post*), a rival paper at Leeds called *The Busy Bee*. This proved a veritable little stinger whilst it lasted—a trifle over eighteen months. *Toby, or the Yorkshire Tyke*, was another Leeds comic. This ran to some 163 numbers, and was somewhat of a departure in illustrated journalism, as the colour in which the blocks were printed varied, being one week in blue, the next in chocolate, and so on. With the death of *Toby*, an offshoot of the redoubtable *Tyke* was started in Newcastle at the beginning of 1884, called *The Northumbrian*, whilst another development of the *Toby* demise became observable in Sheffield in the exploitation by Mr. W. C. Reginald of *The Blade*, which, however, only ran about a year. Before leaving the Yorkshire papers, mention should not be omitted of *The Hull Bellman*—an unillustrated but smartly written local brochure which was very popular in its day.

Of Midland comic and satirical journals, *The Birmingham Dart* and *The Birmingham Owl*

ran, and are running each other pretty close in popular favour. In 1876 this town also possessed a *Lion*, which was started by John Vaughan, previously editor of *The Liverpool Leader*, the first provincial paper to use "process" blocks in its pages. To other prominent country comics of their day should be added *The Wolverhampton Magpie*, *The Bristol Magpie*, *The Plymouth Figaro*, and *The Brighton Dolphin*, though most of them have gone over to the majority.

Among Scotch comics—start not, gentle reader, for they are now periodically funny even in Bonnie Scotland—foremost in age and first in the hearts of his countrymen comes *The Glasgow Bailie*, who still survives, though *The Chiel* was "takin' notes" for a time in somewhat threatening rivalry. *Quiz* and *The Sphinx* are, or were, the names of two other comics published in Glasgow. Since 1886 another sample of Scotch hilarity has flourished in Dundee under the title of *The Piper*, whilst in Aberdeen there are *The Northern Figaro* and *Bon Accord*, which week by week endeavour by a fellowship in fun to illustrate the harmonious motto of the town.

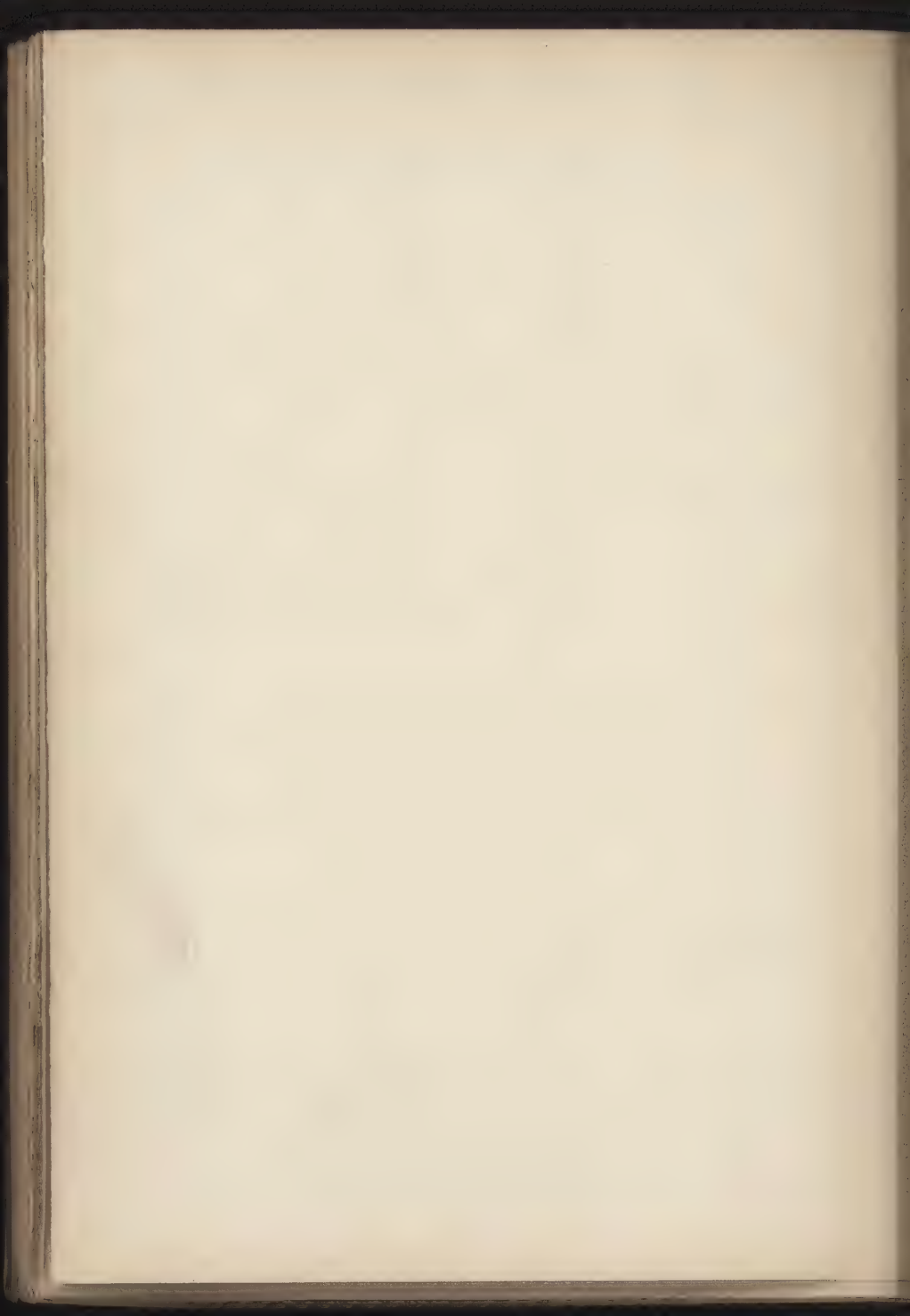
It was in or about the year 1869 that *Zozimus* was started in Dublin by the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., as a twopenny weekly. During its second year, Mr. Sullivan appointed Mr. Richard Dowling editor. *Zozimus's* chief cartoonist was J. F. O'Hea—in later years to become the leading artist on the *Weekly Freeman*. Harry Furniss and Wallis Mackay both contributed drawings to *Zozimus*, the former as a youngster of some eighteen years or so. O'Hea was one of the latest proprietors of this periodical, and he reduced the price from twopence to a penny. Towards the end of the career of *Zozimus*, O'Hea decided to start *Ireland's Eye*, a sixpenny weekly with a coloured cartoon à la *Vanity Fair*. Richard Dowling edited this paper until he came to London, when Edwin Hamilton took the editorial chair. *Ireland's Eye* did not attain a great age, and on its demise *Zoz* was started, the same cartoonist and editor collaborating. In process of time *Pat* replaced *Zoz*, again with O'Hea and Hamilton as guiding spirits. There was a short-lived comic called *Blarney*, which started about the same time as *Zozimus*, and was illustrated chiefly by Michael Fitzgerald.

From the above cursory glance at, rather than complete survey of, bygone and existent imitations of *Punch*, it will be seen that the United Kingdom has exploited and maintained more comic journals in the last half century than probably the rest of Europe put together. Yet the humour in them has rarely degenerated into coarseness or the wit into slander. And in this exemplary respect alone, if in no other, the London Charivari has exercised from its foundation an excellent influence on the light-hearted literature of this country.

THE END.

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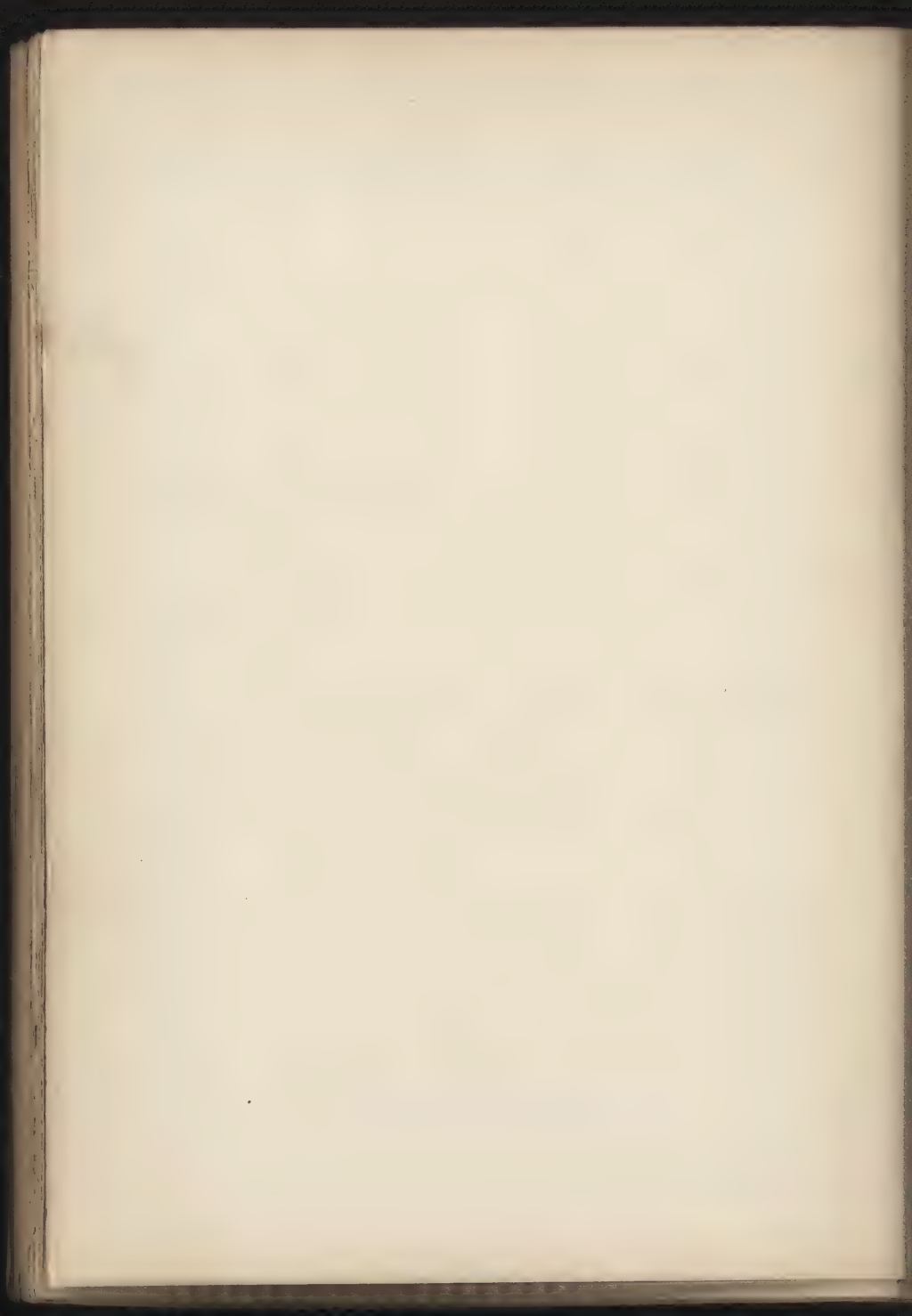


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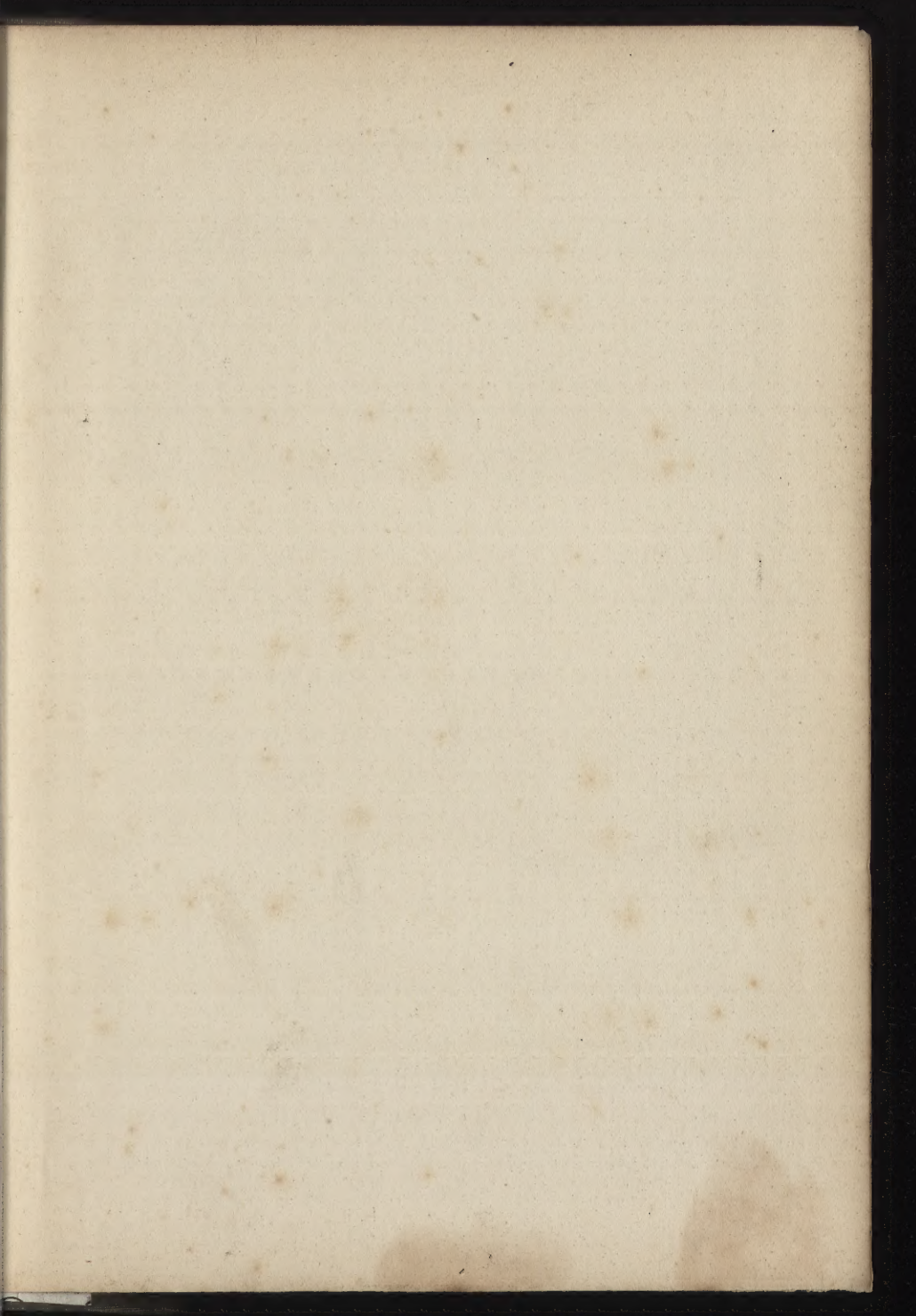
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